

BOADICEA;

THE MORMON WIFE.

LIFE-SCENES IN UTAH.

Beautifully Illustrated.

1891
539
EDITED BY

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LAND OF THE HONEY-BEE.

CHAPTER I.

THE "LAND OF THE HONEY-BEE."

The Young Couple—Their Appearance—Description of a Mormon Ceremony—Mormon Hymns—Conversation of Hubert and Boadicea—Professions of Hubert.

THERE is a lovely valley situated midway between the States of the great Mississippi and the shores of the Pacific Ocean. To this terrestrial Paradise, its present inhabitants, the Mormons, have given the name of Deseret (De-ser-ét), a word of mystic import, signifying "The Land of the Honey-Bee."

The Mormons have settled in the depression styled the "Great Basin," a region bounded by the Rocky Mountain land, out of which no waters flow.

In one of the open lots where the Mormons were in the habit of worshipping, somewhat apart from the crowd, and side by side, stood a young couple observing a religious ceremony.

This couple, a man about twenty-two, and a girl of seventeen years of age, were remarkable for personal beauty. The girl's countenance was striking, noble in expression and feature; her eyes were blue, dark, and clear, receiving a peculiar softness from being nearly half

concealed in long eyelashes of a golden brown; they sparkled as a narrow line of water will glitter between borders of long reeds, when glancing in the summer sun. The young girl's tresses were soft, fine, and glossy, filled with abrupt spots of light and deep shadows, caused by the rich waves with which their luxuriance was broken, and were gathered carelessly into a knot, classical and beautiful, because natural and untortured by art. The form of the maiden was perfect, of medium height, suggesting strength, while naught but softness and beauty appeared in its delicate and rounded outlines.

She stood as if scarce resting on the ground, with such lightness did her form seem posed. Her countenance wore an expression of mingled perplexity and interest.

The young man was tall, graceful in carriage. His features were regular, his expression intellectual; the most remarkable feature in his face being a pair of large black eyes, the burning brilliancy of which he appeared to be making a constant effort to subdue. The character of his mouth was at times repulsive, but generally wore an expression of sweetness and reflection.

The maiden's attention was wholly given to the passing ceremony. The youth's eyes were fixed on her alone. A senior priest (*Saint, Elder, or Brother*, as they are called,) was asking a blessing on the congregation as they stood in the open air; the exercises of religion (!) followed. The accents of the following hymn then filled the air. It was sung harmoniously, but with that mad, fanatical enthusiasm, which shows the power of the Evil One to take possession of mind and body, and pervert God's gift, the immortal soul, to insane wickedness under the name of religion. Religion! the French proverb—

“Derriere la croix, se carbe souvent le diable,” or,

“Behind the cross, the devil is often hid,” was never more applicable than of the *Mormon faith*.

A MORMON HYMN.

Ye chosen twelve, to ye are given
The keys of this last ministry;
To every nation under Heaven,
From land to land, from sea to sea.

First to the Gentiles sound the news,
Throughout Columbia's happy land;
And then before it reach the Jews,
Prepare on Europe's shores to stand.

Let Europe's towns and cities hear
The Gospel tidings; angels bring
The Gentile nations far and near—
Prepare their hearts His praise to sing.

India and Afric's sultry plains
Must hear the tidings as they roll—
Where darkness, death, and sorrow reign,
And tyranny has held control.

Listen, ye islands of the sea,
 For every isle shall hear the sound;
 Nations and tongues before unknown,
 Though long since lost, shall soon be found!

And then again shall Asia hear,
 Where angels first the news proclaimed;
 Eternity shall record bear,
 And earth repeat the loud Amen.

The nations catch the pleasing sound,
 And Jew and Gentile swell the strain;
 Hosannah o'er the earth resound;
 Messiah soon shall come to reign!

Here followed another prayer, made extempore, and then another song, so characteristic of the Mormons that we give it here. It was sung to the tune, "The Rose that all are Praising:"—all sorts of music, profane, even *comic*, as well as sacred, being used in Mormon *worship*.

SECOND MORMON HYMN.

The God that others worship, is not the God for me!
 He has no parts or body, and cannot hear or see!
 But I've a God that lives above,
 A God of power and of love,
 A God of Revelation,—Oh, that's the God for me!
 Oh, that's the God for me! Oh, that's the God for me!

A church without apostles, is not the church for me!
 It's like a ship dismasted, afloat upon the sea!
 But I've a church that's always led,
 By the twelve stars around its head—
 A church with good foundations,—Oh, that's the church for me!
 Oh, that's the church for me! Oh, that's the church for me!

A church without a prophet, is not the church for me!
 It has no head to lead it: in it I would not be!
 But I've a church not built by man,
 Cut from the mountain without hands—
 A church with gifts and blessings,—Oh, that's the church for me!
 Oh, that's the church for me! Oh, that's the church for me!

The hope the Gentiles cherish, is not the hope for me!
 It has no hope for knowledge—far from it I would be!
 But I've a hope that will not fail,
 That reaches safe within the veil—
 Which hope is like an anchor,—Oh, that's the hope for me!
 Oh, that's the hope for me! Oh, that's the hope for me!

The heaven of sectarians, is not the heaven for me!
 So doubtful its location, neither on land nor sea!
 But I've a heaven on the earth, (!)
 The land and home that gave me birth—
 A heaven of light and knowledge,—Oh, that's the heaven for me!
 Oh, that's the heaven for me! Oh! that's the heaven for me!

Then followed a sermon from some one previously appointed to preach, setting forward the merits and righteousness of having a number of wives; stating that in so doing consisted "taking up the burden of the cross!" and that all women must be damned who were not married; that it would be impossible for any virgin to enter heaven, on the principle that it was necessary for every woman to have a man—a husband to take her into heaven.



HUBERT AND BOADICEA CONVERSING ON THE MORMON DOCTRINE.

Were this belief current among us, (the *Gentiles*, as the Mormons call us,) I am afraid that there is no hope for divers and sundry ladies of my acquaintance, if they cannot go to heaven till their husbands go!!!!

The service was continued by exhortations and remarks from several *Saints*, who were "moved to speak," and that upon an extraordinary variety of subjects, such as are not commonly supposed fitting to be introduced into religious worship. Many secular matters being arranged, the congregation ("of vipers") was dismissed with a blessing.

The young couple, who had stood during the greater part of this ceremony, now walked away. The countenance of the girl was pale and deeply anxious. The expression of the youth's face seemed to ask her thoughts. At last the maiden, to whom we shall give the name of Boadicea, spoke.

"This country is a second Garden of Eden; yet, Hubert, the thought that it is profaned by a community of wives and husbands, is to me loathsome, frightful! In spite of all that surrounds me, something innate with me revolts against this state of things."

The girl spoke with deep and pure enthusiasm and earnestness. "I feel," continued she, "that heaven has rightly ordained, that one woman shall belong to one man, to one man alone, if possible, for the term of their two lives, and that they shall keep themselves apart from all others, each sanctified to the other for each other's sake. In such a union *alone* can perfect love, harmony, and happiness exist. Purity in thought, in deed, in life, is *impossible*, I believe, without it. Tell me, Hubert! does it not make *you* happy, to think that *I* think thus, that *I* thus believe; does it make *you* happy, to feel that you suffice for the perfect happiness of *one* human being, loving and constant, who asks nothing in this life but the continuance of *your* love?"

"Ah! Boadicea!" answered Hubert, "you speak from the impulse of a naturally pure mind. Pure yourself, you are not tempted to swerve from the path of honorable devotion to one, and to one alone. I too have but one earthly wish, that we should remain constant to each other: I would willingly hold myself aloof from all others for your sake."

He spoke with sincerity. Hubert at that time sincerely loved Boadicea. Theirs, indeed, were hearts so formed for each other, so fitted for becoming perfected, through the holy influence of a single and constant love, that but for the fatal fatuity which surrounded them—the facilities, the temptations to error—they would have presented to the world the miracle of constancy, of true and perfect love.

The errors of the man would have ceased through the influence of the woman, and the softness of her nature been elevated into a higher intellectual grade, by the influence of the superior mind and native grandeur of the man. But, alas! they lived in a hell. Their present faith, their present constancy and love, were little short of a miracle, with such vicious and diabolic surroundings.



BOADICEA RETURNING TO HER DWELLING.

"And do you willingly promise me never to swerve, then, unless *I* change, dear Hubert?" said Boadicea.

"I promise it with all my heart," answered Hubert; "nay, more, if *I* ever depart from the promises I now utter, of faithful adherence to you, I will even exile myself from hope, and condemn myself to wretchedness and punishment forever, by swearing never to approach you more; never again to ask you to listen to words like these."

"I believe you," answered Boadicea, with a deep emotion of gratitude to heaven for such love on earth. And, indeed, at that moment, Hubert *believed himself*.

They parted—the heart, the soul of the girl filled with a perfect trust in the young man—such trust as a child feels in its parents. There is nothing more confiding than a woman's heart, when she loves,—no confidence more blind;—after experience ever teaches that such faith belongs to God *alone*.



MORMON MARRIAGE.

CHAPTER II.

The Marriage of Boadicea and Hubert—The Mormon Articles of Faith—One of the Characteristics of the Mormon Belief—Remarks on the Mormons.

WITHIN a few weeks after this conversation, the marriage of Boadicea and Hubert took place. Each was under the influence of the wild, blind faith in happiness, and in each other, which is the fanaticism, as well as the religion, of love.

All arrangements for the ceremony were made by the young people themselves, the parents of each being too much engrossed in *religion*, to be diverted therefrom by so trifling and unimportant a matter as the marriage of a son or daughter.

The mother of Boadicea, a beautiful woman, merely smiled scornfully at the expressions of affection for Hubert which fell from her daughter's lips, and replied that "she had no doubt they would be content with each other *for awhile*; people generally were," she said; "but soon changed in their feelings; which proved the merit of the Mormon faith, since it permitted them to follow the dictates of their own involuntary feelings, by changing when and as often as they pleased, without either party being therefore excluded from society,"

Society! the society of the Mormon settlements consists of black-legs, murderers, forgers, swindlers, gamblers, thieves, and adulterers! *Select, certainly!*

We take this occasion to reveal the creed, the articles of Faith, of the "Latter Day Saints."

CREED OF THE MORMONS.

(This creed is taken from the Mormon religious works, *ad verbatim*, and is given without alteration or addition of any kind.)

"We believe in God, the Eternal Father, and his Son, Jesus Christ, and in the Holy Ghost.

"We believe that men will be punished for their own sins, and not for Adam's transgressions.

"We believe that, through the atonement of Christ, all mankind may be saved, by obedience to the laws and ordinances of the Gospel.

"We believe these ordinances are: 1st, Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; 2d, Repentance; 3d, Baptism by immersion, for the remission of sins; 4th, Laying on of Hands for the Gift of the Holy Spirit; 5th, the Lord's Supper.

"We believe that men must be called of God by inspiration, and by laying on of hands from those who are duly commissioned to preach the Gospel, and administer the ordinances thereof.

"We believe in the same organization that existed in the primitive Church, viz.: Apostles, Prophets, Pastors, Teachers, Evangelists, etc.

"We believe in the powers and gifts of the everlasting Gospel, viz.: The Gift of Faith! *The discerning of spirits! Prophecy! Revelation! Visions! Healing! Tongues! and the Interpretation of Tongues!* Wisdom! Charity! Brotherly Love, etc.

"We believe in the Word of God, recorded in the Bible; *we also believe in the Word of God, recorded in the Book of Mormon; and in all other good books!!!*

"We believe all that God has revealed, all that He does now reveal; *and we believe that He will reveal many more great and important things, pertaining to the kingdom of God, and Messiah's second coming!!!*

"We believe in the literal gathering of Israel, and the restoration of the ten tribes; that Zion will be established on the western continent; that Christ will reign personally upon the earth a thousand years, and that the earth will be renewed, and receive its paradisiacal glory.

"We believe in the literal resurrection of the body, and that the rest of the dead live not again until the thousand years are expired.

"We claim the privilege of worshipping the Almighty *according to the dictates of our conscience*, (!) unmolested, and allow all men the same privilege—let them worship when or where they may.

"We believe in being subject to Kings, Queens, Presidents, Rulers, and Magistrates; in obeying, honoring and sustaining the law!

"We believe in being *honest! true! CHASTE!! temperate! bene-*

volent! virtuous!!!! and upright!!!! and in doing good to all men; indeed, we may say, that we follow the admonition of Paul: we '*believe all things!*' we '*hope all things!*' we have endured very many things, and hope to be able to *endure all things!!!!* Every thing lovely, *virtuous*, praiseworthy, and of *good report*, we seek after, looking forward to the recompense of reward! But an idle or lazy person cannot be a Christian—neither have salvation. He is a drone, and destined to be *stung to death*, and tumbled out of the hive."

Perhaps, if asked, the Mormons would account for the permanent and mysterious disappearance of numerous individuals, who have revolted against their horrors, and threatened to leave them, by saying that they were "*stung to death and tumbled out of the hive.*" Numerous and surprising as these mysterious disappearances have been, no inquiry is ever instituted among the Mormons for missing persons.

These articles of faith have the remarkable merit of being alterable to suit all occasions and emergencies, which is, indeed, the chief characteristic of the Mormon religion. Their *spiritual* doctrine is "of the earth, earthy." It must, we hope, sooner or later, destroy itself, like a hideous monster feeding on its own body. Its very nature is such that it must be self-consumed;—the sooner the better.

Boadicea and Hubert married. We now present Boadicea as her own historian. Herself shall relate her own painful revelation of unutterable misery.





CEPHYSIA.

CHAPTER III.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART I.

The Coming Home—Misgivings—Forebodings—Arrangements—Fear of Misunderstanding—Boadicea's Reserve—Trust—Description of Two Pictures—Visit of Two Mormon Women—Insulting Nature of their Remarks—Demand of Cephysia—Refusal of Boadicea—Conduct of Hubert—Departure of the Women—Illness of Boadicea.

THAT was a lovely day, on which Hubert and I went home. Home! how strangely the word sounded—how sweet its whispered promise of seclusion!—for among the Mormons, the peculiar sanctity of home is unknown. There is not that privacy, that secluded retreat, which makes every house, where things are as they should be, a sort of Penetralia, or Inner Temple, a *Sanctum Sanctorum*.

Hubert was in glorious spirits. He insisted upon draping the looking-glass with my bridal veil, and kept continually arranging my long hair in different forms; then suddenly carried me in his arms to the glass, "to see how like an angel on a cloud" I looked.

The veil fell around the brilliant surface of the mirror in mist-like folds, and I did not observe at first, that the frame Hubert had con-

cealed therewith was black. When I noticed this, a peculiar shudder thrilled my frame, and Hubert, on whose arm I was leaning, asked me if I felt cold. I answered, "No," and smiled at my own folly, as I thought it then.

Yet my eyes would rivet themselves, a thousand times a day, on the frame of the mirror, until I began to fancy, at last, that it looked like the outline of a little coffin. Then I roused myself again, and said in my heart, "What have I to do with sad thoughts, I, who am so much beloved?"

In my own strength of spirit I defied Fate. Alas! alas! the heart of a woman is too often willfully blind to what *may be* faint whispers from a spirit-land.

I have ever thought that the beautiful should surround us in everyday life, lest, amid the commonplace, we should forget the very existence of the poetry of life; beautiful objects, sweet sounds, works of art and literature, to remind us of the great souls which have been, and may be again; and it was, therefore, that I soon managed to arrange a room purposely for our sitting-room, where Hubert and I could spend a great portion of our time—our leisure hours, surrounded by the poetical atmosphere which the beautiful creates.

Hubert insisted on having placed among my treasures a bust of Joseph Smith, the Mormon prophet. I did not wish this, for to me that countenance is repellant, as it is coarse, cunning, and full of low passions, sensuality, and every mean and cowardly vice.

It remained where Hubert placed it, however, for I soon found that, while seeming to consult *my* wishes, he usually obtained his own will. I would not say much about the disagreeable-looking bust, because I had a horrible dread of *the first quarrel*. There was something in the expression of Hubert's eyes which was at times fierce and vindictive, and *the first quarrel* assumed the shape of the sword of Damocles, and seemed to hang over me suspended by a mere thread, which I could imagine was swayed to and fro, and quivered at Hubert's least impatient word, or slightest frown.

This made me constrained and awkward sometimes, and then Hubert would fix his large black eyes upon me with an impatient expression, very piercing and unpleasant, which only increased my trouble. If he looked in the least "savage," as he himself would call it, in his merrier moods, it caused me to have an actual palpitation of the heart.

Men should remember that a delicate woman conceals half her affection, as well as half of all her emotions, and that nature teaches us to appear often cold and constrained when we are most troubled at heart, lest we have offended the one beloved object. How often is this very delicacy of manner, arising from delicacy of mind, turned against us—how often do men say of the legal object of their love, "She is a very cold sort of woman," and this in excuse for wanderings from the path of right! Ah! it is because all women feel instinctively that the strongest-minded men may, like children, be

surfeited with sweets. It is only a woman who really cares very little to preserve the *constant* love of one man, that will give her whole self, without reserve, heart and soul at once.

Women should never forget that marriage is a holy and "*honorable*" state, and that while fulfilling all its duties, they will only endear themselves the more to a *pure and noble mind*, by being in outward manner as pure as veiled Vestals.

Yet how often are men of fine mind misled into mistaking, for true affection, utter unreserve! No, no! That woman who does not sincerely wish to preserve a certain involuntary feeling of deep respect, even in the most intimate relations of marriage, would soon change, soon vary, for she herself tears away the flimsy veil which should always drape the statue; and with satiety comes changefulness, as well to herself as to her husband.

I thought I did right with regard to Hubert. The future proved that in a happier, purer state of society, my creed was the right one, and would have been triumphant as the true one, for, in spite of all, Hubert loved, *now loves me*, with a pure love, which even the temptations he yielded to could not utterly destroy while he still lived on earth. Others have taken from me the man himself, but I shall always believe, nay, now I *know* that I shall always reign the *immortal queen of his soul*. *In heaven Hubert will be mine again.*

The furniture of our boudoir consisted of the usual articles—pictures, statues, books, etc. I had chosen old and choice ones, that they might possess for the longest possible time the charm of novelty.

Over the mantelpiece hung a curious picture by a German artist, who possessed that singular turn of mind, so common to his countrymen, which led him to blend the terrible, the hideous, the grotesque—in a word, "*the horrible*," with every thing beautiful which his pencil created.

This picture represented a chasm between two rocks—neither the summit nor the base was visible—but the cleft conveyed a terrible impression of isolation and unfathomable depth. I presume the artist thought of the "*bottomless pit*."

Midway between the top and bottom of the picture, and seeming suspended in the air, was the figure of a man of graceful frame—whose form was thrown backward in an attitude of the most abject despair. As he seemed suspended, the shoulders and waist were most distinct in the fearful dimness which constituted the atmosphere of the picture.

Far above the form of the man, and smiling down upon him, appeared an angelic female face—pale, tearful, yet with a saintly smile of hope. It seemed the face of Purity herself—holy, yet human.

Far below the man, and wearing an expression of malignant rage, scowled another female face. The features of this face were symmetrical—even beautiful—but indicative of coarse, ungoverned pas-

sions, made more fiendish by the look of envious anger it wore. It was the very beauty of Evil, even as the face of the fair woman seemed the beauty of Holiness and of Good.

In gazing upon the picture, a faint light, which seemed shed from the eyes of the fairer face, appeared to fall upon the brow of the man, to brighten it and that despairing face to glow with a faint glimmer of something resembling hope.

The companion picture to this one represented the same man raised from the chasm into the light of a glorious sky. His arms encircled the neck of the fair woman, whose cheek rested against his own. The twain seemed to soar in purest ether.

Far, far below, in the very depths of the yawning and cloven rock, was the fearful face, with shining, glittering eyes, of the dark woman. It looked upward with an expression of the most furious and deadly hate. A serpent, looking instinct with life, entwined her throat.

One of the statues which I had grouped about our room represented Ondine crouched beneath a little fountain of water—the water being skillfully represented by glass. She awaited the approach of her lover, who, in his hunting-dress, knelt on the brink of the fountain—his ear bent to the waves. A water-lily, exquisitely chiseled in the marble, rippled the surface of the glassy fount.

On the opposite side knelt a tiny marble Cupid, under the shadow of a large leaf, fashioned to support bouquets of flowers.

In a basket of moss, near the boy Cupid, was piled a heap of fruit of wax—grapes, apples, oranges, pines, nectarines and cherries—my own handiwork. Among the fruit I had placed autumn leaves and the many-colored grasses, which seem as if they were the little trees of Fairy Land.

I had not long been installed in my new home before a change took place in Hubert's manner. Painful, unaccountable indifference took the place of his former kindness, passionate tenderness and warm affection. His absences from home were long and of frequent occurrence. After them he seemed invariably gloomy, moody, and averse to conversation. I gradually relapsed into the same cold and reserved manner. It became a habit with me to conceal my affection for Hubert.

Natural feelings of pride will induce every woman to pursue the same course, if she believe that the fault is not in herself, and have deep faith in a return of merited affection.

I never questioned Hubert with regard to his frequent and long absences from home. I acted as if I had not missed him. I welcomed him invariably as if he had been a dear brother, nothing more.

At first he seemed surprised; then he grew angry; at last *he* reproached *me* with fickleness. Oh, man! man!

I said not one word, but a moment after he had left me in anger, he might, had he returned, have found me weeping such desolate, bitter, burning tears, as women shed only when their holiest affections,

their deepest feelings are outraged, and they are made to feel a sort of shame at what is rarest and best among their heart's emotions. . .

One day Hubert returned from one of his long absences, accompanied by two women on horseback. One, a tall brunette, immediately appeared to me to bear a strong resemblance to the dark woman in my German pictures, and this, in spite of handsome features, abundant black hair, and a form which, though too full for beauty, was not without a certain degree of symmetry. A horrible shudder passed over my frame as this woman entered the sitting-room. I felt a fearful presentiment that my destiny was linked with hers, for what horrors I knew not; but the hand of death itself seemed to gripe my heart.

The name of this woman was Cephysia Edmonds. I have been told that her family in the States, or among the Gentiles, as the Mormons would say, was respectable and of good standing, but that her conduct had been so shameless, since her assumption of the Mormon doctrines, that they held no communication with her, and even disowned her as their daughter.

She informed me that she was one of Elder Manor's wives, and manifested an extraordinary interest in my domestic affairs, every now and then glancing at Hubert in a manner that left no doubt in my mind as to her being his mistress.

Greatly to my astonishment, the brunette informed me that she was commissioned to ask me if I felt willing to become the spiritual wife of Elder Aaron Manor, her husband, who, she informed me, had only ten wives already, and wished to add myself to his already "*small and respectable*" family. With the utmost indignation, I told her that I loved my husband, and that Hubert and I, though unable to leave the Mormon settlement, were only *in*, not *of* it, and were determined to leave it as soon as we could, and never to conform to the Mormon doctrines, either outwardly or in our domestic arrangements.

Cephysia Edmonds hereupon burst into a loud laugh, at the same time winking in the most indelicate manner at Hubert, who, to my surprise, joined in the laugh, and desired her to "let Boadicea alone."

She then informed me that this was what many had said *at first*; that her first husband, Myers Brown, had said the same thing exactly, but that he had three other wives beside herself now, and that she had been the "spiritual wife" of two other husbands!

Her companion, a slender woman with yellow hair, and rather pretty, joined in the laughter, though in hollow tones, which were those of laughter without mirth, and replied that "all the men said so at first," and that all first wives talked the same way that I was talking, but they soon "changed their tune," she said.

The brown woman now took it into her head to fancy the basket of wax fruit, and asked me to "make her a present of it." I declined, upon the ground that it formed part of the furniture of the room, when Hubert, to my utter consternation, frowning at me,

and muttering something about "rudeness," detached the little corbeille from its ivory pedestal, and handed it to Cephysia, who thereupon made me a mocking courtesy, and gravely thanked me "for nothing."

I did not utter one word, though I felt myself turn pale with astonishment, as much as with grief. I had spent such pleasant hours by Hubert's side, moulding the delicate waxen fruit, arranging the pretty leaves, and he had so much admired the little toy.

I quitted the room—the sharp triumphant laughter of Cephysia rang in my ears as I closed the door. I heard her say something witty, of course, about "all the wives" being "*touchy*" at first, and she also applauded Hubert's conduct, advising him, at the same time, to "keep the upper hand."

About five minutes after, the women rode away, as they had come, accompanied by *Hubert—my husband—mine*, alas! no more.

As the hoofs of the horses disappeared, I fell on the floor in a deep swoon.

The happiness of the few short months previous to this occurrence, were all the calm, peaceful happiness I have ever known, except the feeling resembling satisfaction with which I reflect, that, in spite of all which afterwards occurred, I am still a pure wife.



HUBERT WITH THE MORMON WOMEN LEAVES BOADICEA.

CHAPTER IV.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART II.

Return of Hubert—Forgiveness—Mormon Polygamy.

I WILL not attempt to depict the feelings with which I saw Hubert return after the lapse of two days. My health, at that time delicate—I was, indeed, about to become a mother—suffered severely from what I had been called upon to bear. Such was the secret grief which I endured that I almost feared that the child I was about to bring into the world would be an idiot.

Hubert offered no apology. His return afforded no relief, for it had now become painful to me to see him. I would willingly have fled from the very sound of that voice, so altered from its affectionate tones to those of harshness and even of brutal insult. And yet, after a time, he again caressed me, as if nothing had happened; and I—my heart benumbed, as it were, with grief—suffered his now unwelcome caresses in patient silence—while ever between us seemed to rise the mocking phantom of the dark woman, in an attitude of derision. I felt that Hubert's professions of renewed love and promises of amendment were hollow. My peace of mind—my respect for and confidence in him, were fled forever.

Oh! in the social (*very* social) system of the Mormons, a wife may be subjected to the grossest insult one moment and *obligingly* caressed the next. Her husband may—such is the caprice and so coarse the passions of some men—greet her with apparent affection, while the kisses of some one of the courtesan wives of another man are still warm upon his lips.

The wife is not expected to show the slightest emotion, even if sure of this, and may esteem herself fortunate if not duly delivered over to another man, upon the strength of some "revelation," made to the husband *at his own request*, through the intervention of the Elders. She is generally apprised that her eternal welfare depends upon her becoming "sealed to"—which means the wife of—no! the *mistress* of some other member of the Mormon community.

According to the Mormon creed—I repeat—no woman can enter heaven on her own merits—that is, *without a man to take her there!!!!!!* This convenient and highly moral arrangement causes not only a community of *wives* and *husbands*, but also a community of *mothers* and *fathers*; so that, after a time—if the Mormon settlement be not broken up and destroyed by dispersion—it will be as great a proof of wisdom for a mother to know who is the father of her own child, as it will be for that child to know who really are his own pa^{re}nts.



BOADICEA VISITING MARGARET.

CHAPTER V.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART III.

Desertion and Death of a Mormon Woman.

I WAS passing, one morning, near a small house, and was attracted by hearing low moans from within. Not having acquired the callousness to suffering, which is a characteristic of the *benevolent* Mormon association, I entered, without hesitation, the room whence these sounds appeared to proceed.

On a pile of clothes, arranged so as to serve as a bed, and emaciated to the last degree, lay a woman groaning with pain. She was alone, and scarcely noticed my entrance. Seeing that it was necessary to obtain help, I sought all over the building for some one to assist me. In the adjoining room to the sufferer were several other wives of the same husband, Elder Thomas Lincoln; and upon my

demanding assistance, one of them said, "Pretty face, take yourself off—whoever you are, don't be showing yourself here. Margaret is in labor pains. She'll never live through it. She's a poor, miserable, puling, ailing thing, not worth minding. Just let her be; she'll go off easy after it's all over."

"Yes," said another; "she is of no use to any one since she lost her health. Elder Abel White says, that it is not 'a good act' to assist her, for she talks against us Mormons. I hope she'll die, and the brat too."

"Yes," said another, named Hannah—a pretty woman; "she had better be left to reflect. The sooner she is *free* the better."

"Are you women," I answered, "and do you answer me thus?"

"Women! to be sure we are. We wish we were not, though."

"Will you not assist me?" reiterated I, hearing the cries of the woman Margaret.

"No!" answered one and all.

I left the inhuman wretches and sought the chamber of Margaret, who in a few hours brought into the world a dead and deformed child, and expired in agony, after blessing me and entreating me to have her decently laid out and interred.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer cloud,
Without our special wonder!"

I felt harrowed to the inmost heart at her wild, despairing words. Among the Mormons it is held "unnecessary" to endure the sight of suffering. When any one falls sick, the Elders are consulted as to whether it is better to aid and assist them or not. If the party or parties be obnoxious to any one, they are left to die upon the strength of some "vision" or "revelation."

The illnesses of frequent occurrence among the Mormons are of the most startling and surprising nature. I have seen several deaths which I could have solemnly testified were by poison. Of these no notice was taken, it being asserted that, to attempt to assist these persons, would have been "presuming to attempt to alter the decrees" of Providence.

Sometimes it is said that no assistance must be rendered, lest it "prolong a life of sin." This is in cases of revolt from Mormonism, this being the only sin really furnished among this *virtuous* and *enlightened* people.



BROTHER SETH AT HIS PRIVATE DEVOTIONS.

CHAPTER VI.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART IV.

Visit of Brother Seth Holmes—His Attempt to induce Boadicea to become his "Spiritual" Wife—Answer of Boadicea—Insulting Conduct of Brother Seth—Cowardice of Seth.

ONE morning, during one of Hubert's now frequent absences, a man—dressed like a gentleman—but, as the sequel will show, without other pretensions to that title, entered my house without knocking or asking admittance. Without preamble he seated himself opposite me and began to speak.

"Sister Boadicea," said he, "I wish to ask you a few questions. Will you answer them?"

"Yes, sir," said I.

"To speak plainly," continued Brother Seth Holmes—for this was the man's name—"have you not an affection for me,—such—that, were it lawful and right, you would accept me for your husband and companion?"

"I never saw you before in my life," answered I.

"Why, yes, you have, beloved Sister Boadicea," answered the man—"at worship."

I stared at him. "Well," answered I, at last, "I do remember seeing your ugly phiz before."

"Be serious, sister, be serious," answered the *pious* Elder. "Brother Peter Smith has had a revelation from God that it is lawful and right for me to have you for a wife."

I started back and stared at the man.

"Brother Smith has seven wives himself, and I have nine; but I would rather have you for a wife than any of them—or the nine together—if you will be my spiritual wife and be 'sealed unto' me next week. I will even dismiss all the others—which is not generally done, I assure you, and get them new husbands. For, as it was in the days of Abraham, so it shall be in these last days; and whoever is among the first that is willing to take up the cross, will receive the greatest of all earthly blessings possible. And if you will accept me, I will take you straight to the celestial kingdom. And if you will have me in this world, I will have you in the next world. And Brother Peter will marry us next week. And you can hold your tongue until I clear my house out for you, and your husband will not know any thing about it. It's none of his business. You know he is in love with Cephysia, Elder Aaron Manor's wife. He'll not mind it in the least, I assure you." (!)

"Have you done?" answered I; "because if you have, you had better go. My husband will be here directly; and I will tell him exactly what you say; and he will thrash you within an inch of your life."

"Look here, Sister Boadicea; don't you believe in me? You'd better believe in me. What I tell you is lawful and right, before God—according to holy revelation. You have the foolish notions of the Gentiles of the States; but I can tell you you had better behave yourself, and do as I reveal to you, or we shall have to get rid of you in some quiet way or other, for rebelling against the institutions of the holy faith, lest you should breed discord here, after the manner of the blind and unrighteous Gentiles."

"Are you going or not?" answered I.

"I will have a kiss now, at all events. If you will give me a kiss, I will leave you to reflect on what I have said, and on the holy revelation of Brother Peter. You had better be reasonable, or we *must* make way with you in some snug way, Sister Boadicea."

"If you do not leave this house, and that speedily," answered I, "I shall make way with you;" and I drew from the bosom of my dress a small pocket pistol of Hubert's, which the *moral tone* of the Mormon society had before that time made a necessary as well as useful weapon of self-defence.

Brother Seth hereupon ran away, as fast as his legs could carry him—home, I suppose, to his nine wives. I pocketed the pistol, which had never yet been loaded. Ah! the Mormon men are the vilest, lowest cowards imaginable.

The former fanaticism has degenerated into mere licentiousness, under the spiritual wife system. The men have become to the last degree demoralized, effeminate, and lazy.

It is the old fable of Hercules at the feet of Onephale.



BROTHER SETH PRACTICING ELOCUTION.

CHAPTER VII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART V.

Indignation of Hubert at Holmes' Conduct—Renewal of Holmes' Pursuit—His Doctrines.

WHEN Hubert returned, he seemed extremely indignant at what had passed. The possibility of losing me, seemed to revive his old love, and a short season of peacefulness followed.

After a few days, Brother Seth returned. He had watched the house and seen Hubert depart. "According to the revelation of the Prophet Smith," said he, in a loud voice, as I turned impatiently away, and would not listen to him, "it is lawful and right for you to become my wife, and live with me; if there be any sin in it, I will answer for it before God, and you need not trouble yourself about it at all. Brother Joseph Smith, who has the keys of the kingdom of heaven, by his spiritual revelation will bind us together, and whatever he binds on earth shall be bound in heaven, and whatever he looses on earth shall be loosed in heaven.

"If you will accept of me," continued he, still louder, "you shall be blessed; God shall bless you, and my blessing shall rest upon you. And if you will be led by my will, you will do right and well, for I will take care of you. And if you don't like me in a month or two, you can be free again; you may then like some one else better; but you had better take *me first*." (!!!)

By this time he was purple with shouting to make me hear, for I had stopped my ears to shut out his blasphemies, though I still distinctly heard his roaring voice.

I finally left the room, slamming the door after me. After waiting an hour for me to return, Brother Seth Holmes "retired in disgust."

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART VI.

Serenade of Brother Seth—A Mormon Song.

A FEW evenings after the second disappearance of Brother Seth, he, on the principle, I presume, that "*music* hath charms to soothe the *savage* breast," gave me an original serenade, of which the intention seemed to be as well to recommend himself to me for *saint-like* and *holy* qualities, as to exercise my mind on the subject of *religion*. The serenade was a *solo*, sung by Brother Seth himself, (outside the door, which I had managed to secure effectually,) and its musical merit was on a parallel with that of the celebrated tune which is supposed to have caused the demise of a certain venerable domestic animal, useful in furnishing "the milk of human—*breakfasts*."

BROTHER SETH'S SERENADE.

▲ MORMON SONG.

I'm a saint, I'm a saint,
 On the rough world wide;
 The earth is my home,
 And my God is my guide.
 Up! up! with the truth;
 Let its power bend the knee;
 I am sent, I am sent,
 And salvation is free.

I fear not old priestcraft;
 Its dogmas can't awe;
 I've a chart for to steer by,
 That tells me the law;
 And ne'er as a coward
 To falsehood I'll kneel,
 While *Mormon* tells truth,
 Or God's people reveal.

Up! up! with the truth;
 Let its power bend the knee;
 I am sent, I am sent,—
 Dying Bab'lon, to thee!
 I am sent, I am sent,
 Take this warning, and flee.

The arm of the tyrant
 Fell terror has spread;
 Yet though they oppose us,
 Their strongholds we'll tread.
 What to us is the scorn
 Of the selfish and vain?
 We have borne it before,
 And we'll bear it again.

The fire-gleaming bolts
 Of oppression may fall,
 And kill off the body,—
 Death can't us appal.
 With heaven above us,
 And all hell below,
 Through the wide world of error
 Right onward we go.

Come on, my brave comrades;
 Now's the time you should speak;
 The Storm-Fiend is roused
 From his long dreary sleep:
 Our watch-word for safety
 In Zion shall be;
 I am sent, I am sent,—
 Dying Bab'lon, to thee;
 I am sent, I am sent,—
 Take this warning, and flee.

This astonishing entertainment being ended, Brother Seth took his departure,—not, however, without again trying the door, and endeavoring to effect an entrance.

CHAPTER IX.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART VII.

I HERE pause to introduce a portion of the instructions given to women by the Mormon "Fathers, Elders, and Brothers in the Lord," (in the devil!) on the subject of their faith. It is such an answer as I received from Hubert when I asked him what the Mormons believed God to be.

THE MORMON BELIEF REGARDING GOD, ANGELS, AND THE FUTURE.

Quest. What is God?

Ans. He is a material organized intelligence, possessing both body and parts. He is in the form of a man, and is, in fact, of *the*

same species; and is a model or standard of perfection, to which man is destined to attain!!! he being the great Father and Head of the Whole Family.

This being cannot occupy two distinct places at once; therefore he cannot be every where present.

(*Remark of author.*—Here we have the omniscience, as well as the omnipresence, of God denied. But the Mormon god is another being.)

Quest. What are angels?

Ans. They are intelligences of the human species. Many of them are the offspring of Adam and Eve—of men, it is said, *being gods or sons of God, endowed with the same powers, attributes, and capacities, that their Heavenly Father and Jesus possess!!!!*

The weakest child of God which now exists upon the earth, will possess more dominion, more property, more subjects, and more power and glory than is possessed by Jesus Christ, or by His Father, while at the same time, Jesus Christ and his Father will have their dominions and subjects increased in proportion.

I need make no comment. "Horrors on Horrors!"

CHAPTER X.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART VIII.

Threats of Brother Seth and Brother Howard.

I WAS left in peace for some little time after this occurrence, when one evening, after I had almost forgotten the existence of Brother Seth, he came across the little grass patch in front of my house, accompanied by Brother Howard, another of the most prominent among the Mormon elders, and a perfect "Saint" in the estimation of all the Mormons.

A singular sensation of fear and loathing nearly overcame me at the sight of these men. I knew the infamous character of the one, and of the other feared the same, because I knew him to be the intimate confederate, agent, jackal, and pander, of the notorious and inconceivably wicked Bernard Yale.

It was as if one of the devil's chiefest fiends had risen from the depths of the lowest hell before me. I felt myself tremble and turn pale, and well I might, for I was alone; it was dark, and growing late, and no human being was within less than a quarter of a mile of my lonely and isolated house. In the midst of my perturbation and alarm, the elders entered my house. Brother Seth surveyed me with a look of sinister delight.

"I have brought Brother Howard," said he, "to bring you to terms, and teach you that we Mormons are not to be trifled with."

"Gently, gently, Brother Seth," interposed Howard; "you mar all by your eagerness and haste; let *me* talk to Sister Boadicea—let *me* open her eyes to the sinfulness of her ways, and show her that she is on the verge of the gulf of perdition. I will cause her to repent and tremble, that she be not cast into uttermost darkness."

"I loathe, detest, and despise your doctrines. I know of what licentiousness, what horrors of iniquity and guilt they serve as cloaks. Why will you torment me? All I ask is, to be left to solitude. Is it not enough that your women have alienated from me my husband's love? Must I, also, be subjected to loathsome and guilty proposals?"

"We are aware that Brother Hubert has followed the calls of his religious duties and obligations, and has taken unto himself another love; but he has forbore to bring her here; he goes to her, and is in hopes that you may be induced to assume other ties, and leave the house free to him!" answered Howard.

"That is false, vile traducers!" exclaimed I. "I know that one day his heart will repent, and that he will be again my own dear husband, my own Hubert!" Here I could not help bursting into tears.

Brother Seth seated himself beside me, and attempted to take my hand, which I, however, withdrew, and also pushed my chair to considerable distance from his.

"Verily, sister," said Howard upon this, "you seem to speak as if there was an hope of such foolish conduct and effeminate weakness, on the part of good brother Hubert; but verily, you are mistaken: your better course is to leave him to himself, and by taking unto yourself another companion, to entirely drive him from your memory. We are willing to act mildly in this matter, sister, because of your youth and loveliness; and we would willingly guide you into the paths of righteousness and salvation; think, dearly-beloved sister, what would be our feelings when Christ shall have come in person to reign a thousand years on earth, if we behold you, instead of a shining angel, an outcast from glory, weeping and wailing, and gnashing your teeth, like the rebellious Gentiles."

Here I could not help laughing. Brother Howard frowned and turned red.

"Well," answered I, "I do not fear that you will see me in that situation, for the sin of not liking Mr. Holmes; and if this be all you have to say in favor of your religion and your morality, I desire that you will, both of you, quit this place, and leave me to take care of my own soul, and my own salvation."

"What horrible blasphemy!" exclaimed Brother Seth, rolling up his eyes till nothing but the whites were visible; "it makes my blood run cold." Brother Seth hereupon shivered—so did Brother Howard.

"Will you oblige me by withdrawing?" reiterated I.

"No, by no means," answered Brother Howard; "what I wish is a promise from you to listen to Brother Seth's suit, and that you

will repent the evil of your ways, and turn from the sinfulness thereof."

"I will never listen to Mr. Holmes' insults," answered I, "and I feel nothing for him but loathing, hatred, and contempt." Here I noticed that the expression of Howard's face grew dark and malignant, and that he exchanged a furtive glance with Holmes.

"Do you know," said he to me, "that we consider it our duty as upholders of a great and honorable sect, to make way with such as condemn our doctrines, despise our words, and threaten us with revolt?"

"I can easily imagine that the presence of such is disagreeable to you; and, therefore, I entreat you, as human beings, to enable me to leave this place. If you will do so, I will never breathe a word of what I have seen and know; but will, for the sake of my unborn child's father, as well as for the sake of freedom, refrain from uttering one word in your dispraise."

As I spoke of "my unborn child" the men started.

"Is this a mere evasion?" said Brother Howard.

"No," answered I, "upon my word of honor as a woman."

"We will leave you then, for a few months, to reflection. If, at the end of that time, your views do not alter, then we shall take other and harsher measures."

With this they left me; and such was the agitation from which I was suffering at their insults and threats, that I could scarcely totter to my room. A violent illness confined me to my bed for a month after this interview, in the midst of which Hubert returned, and behaved with great kindness and affection. This I attributed to a return of love; but it was merely the result of a quarrel with Cephysia.

CHAPTER XI.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART IX.

Harem of Bernard Yale—Description of his Wives.

A FEW days after my recovery, a shooting-match took place at a short distance from my house—at which prizes were awarded to the best pistol shot among the men, and to the best archer among the ladies.

It became necessary, in order to reach the lot where the shooting-match was to take place, that all the ladies should pass my door—which they did on horseback. I had thus an opportunity of seeing assembled together some of the handsomest women in America; among the others, the whole harem of Bernard Yale.

First, in a riding-dress of blue velvet, with a cap of the same, of



THE ENGLISH WIFE.

the "jockey" shape, finished with a gold tassel, and embroidery of the same gold upon her habit, rode a tall blonde. Her features were regular, and her hair, which was of the rare golden blonde description, was remarkably abundant. It fell about her face in glittering and cloud-like curls, displaying her arching and snowy throat as the wind lifted it, and fluttering like a fairy silken banner on the air. The countenance of this woman, though originally it must have been of the order of beauty which is termed angelic, was now almost repulsive, though handsome; for her clear blue eyes shone with a hard, bold and wicked light. Her lips were pale and compressed, and her eyes surrounded with those pink rings, and marked beneath with the livid hues which stamp the drunkard. What a mirror is the human face for reflecting the passions of the soul—especially the female face!

Next rode a woman of that remarkable and always striking order of beauty which combines black lustrous hair with a white complexion, and large oriental eyes with delicate and exquisite features. This face, though of the most noble contour, and accompanied by an elegant form, of that rare and willowy grace which reminds one of the movements of the wild deer, was even more hard and brazen than that of the blonde. The eyes wore a hard stare, and the delicate skin was roughened with pink blotches, announcing high living and drunkenness as well.

In the appearance of all these women was that reckless *effronterie*, that hard, bold, brazen look, which the French call "*mauvais air*," and which invariably marks the woman lost to virtue; that indescribable want of modesty and respectability in the gait, *tournure* and manner, which enables one always to tell a courtesan from a lady, whatever her dress, surroundings and appointments.

The third lady, who rode after this woman, (formerly, I have been told, a distinguished belle of New York,) was a girl of the order of beauty called chesnut blonde. Her large blue eyes, brown hair, with a tinge of auburn—her fair, pale skin and exquisite shape, made her more remarkable than any who accompanied her. Her face was faultless—the features of the Roman type—and wearing a haughty look. Upon a nearer examination, the callous despair, the blank wretchedness of her look, were alone remarkable. She rode as if she particularly wished to be thrown from her horse and killed. I never saw in any living face such utter desolation, such calm, unmoved anguish and despair. She would occasionally strike the reins on her horse's neck, to hasten his speed; and I observed that she shuddered as a coarse oath from one of those who preceded her fell upon her ear. Poor, beautiful, ruined being! Poor Mary Loyd!

The fourth lady was fleshy and not particularly handsome. The only beauty I observed in her was a handsome white hand, which she wore, I observed, ungloved—probably to show its whiteness.

The fifth lady was a wild, sprightly brunette. Her rich dark complexion, with a clear crimson glow, and her sparkling brown



MARY LOYD.



THE AMERICAN WIFE.

eyes, gave her the appearance of unusual health. She laughed as she rode along—showing her pearly and dazzling teeth. I have been told that she was a Spanish woman, who was accused of having poisoned her husband in a fit of jealousy; for which reason she had fled her country. She was one of those whom I should judge that nothing but extreme suffering would lead to see the error of her ways. She appeared to glory in her guilt.

Next rode Cephysia—my rival. I have described her. I noticed that she looked sulky, and did not, as I had anticipated, raise her eyes to my windows as she passed. Perhaps she did not care to see Hubert beside me. For a wonder, he was there.

Next to the brunette rode Bernard Yale. He appeared to be conversing with the brunette. His words were in this wise. As he rode very slowly I could distinguish what he said.

“God created me, and you, and all mortals, to become gods *like unto himself*. (!) All human beings were created for this express purpose; that they might increase the intelligence and truth, which



THE SPANISH WIFE.

is God, and after they have become gods, even the sons of the living God, they have the power of peopling earthly TABERNACLES (the Mormon word for *bodies*) with their spirits, even as they now have the power to hold spiritual communication with one another."

He rode on, and I could hear no more. From what devil was he then drawing his strange and diabolic inspiration?

Bernard Yale is a man of tolerable talents and passable address, without good looks, or that which I should call so; he passes for "*fascinating*" among the singularly susceptible persons by whom he is surrounded. He has the faculty of adapting himself to all intellects, all tastes, and all grades. Among the more refined of his associates, he affects the gentleman, but a greater brute and boor, as his wives know to their cost, does not exist. With the ruffian, the outlaw, the murderer, the drunkard, the thief, the forger, this man is hand in glove, boon companion, and instigator, as well as assistant.

The sixth wife followed behind him. She also was not attractive, but seemed quieter and more modest than the others. She did not laugh or swear so loudly.

The seventh and eighth were sisters, both very pretty, rosy English girls. It is no uncommon thing for one man among the Mormons to have three sisters for wives. One man has four own sisters in his harem.

The ninth woman was an Indian; she was handsome; she looked dejected, and did not join in the conversation.

All who followed were handsome, except here and there a coarse, plain, or repulsive face.

Lost! lost! lost! all, save through God's unwearied mercy.





MARY MAXWELL.

CHAPTER XII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART X.

Revolt and Disappearance of Mary Maxwell.

It was on a quiet morning, while I was seated in my sitting-room, that a woman entered my room, apparently under the influence of great excitement and sobbing with grief.

I dropped my work, rose and went to her, for she appeared about to faint. As I extended my arms, she fell into them, exclaiming, "Save me ! save me !"

"From what ?" demanded I.

"From hell !" she answered, still under the influence of violent agitation.

In a few moments, however, she grew calmer, and I succeeded in extracting from her that she was named Mary Maxwell, was married, and about to become a mother ; that her husband had deserted her for Mona Fernandez, one of the harem of Bernard Yale, (the Spanish woman whom I described in the last chapter,) and that her husband was on that day to bring Mona Fernandez home ; that she had

rebelled against this, and he had driven her from the house with blows.

Bruises upon her hands and arms, as well as her shoulders, attested the truth of her assertions.

She seemed to fear being pursued. I asked her if any one had followed her; she said "yes," that Yale was "after her."

After much more revealing of horrors, she sank back, appearing to be perfectly exhausted. I myself was trembling with agitation. I feared lest every moment should see Yale enter my house. I was alone, without protection, or weapons of defence.

Mary Maxwell seemed to imagine that I could defend her against Yale. I promised to do my best to protect her; but what, alas! is a woman's arm against the strength of a man? I sat quaking with fear. Mary every moment grew paler and paler. I observed that she appeared to be concealing something in her bosom. On coming nearer to her, I saw that it was a pistol: she drew it forth and showed it to me. "Is it loaded?" asked I.

"It is," she replied; "it is my husband's pistol."

At this moment the door opened. Yale, accompanied by two men, whose faces were covered with masks, entered the room; one of them carried a dark lantern.

Mary had crouched in one corner of the room; I had placed a chair before her, over which, as if carelessly, I threw a large shawl.

"Is one Mary Maxwell, the devil's own child, concealed in this house?" demanded Yale; "if she is, you will do well to give her up; she has already killed one of my men by flinging a knife at him, and I am come to see justice administered upon her."

"You are at liberty to search the premises," answered I, seeing that Yale did not suspect that Mary Maxwell was in the very room where he stood.

"I shall do so," answered he.

Accordingly, he, with the two men, searched the house. I took the opportunity thus offered, of concealing Mary in the garden, thinking that they would hardly search there. It was her own wish.

After a long absence and ineffectual search, Yale again entered the room where I was. "I cannot find her, and yet I am confident that I saw her enter this house."

"You may search it again, if you like," answered I.

"No," grumbled Yale; and he started to depart. As he passed the spot where Mary was crouched in the garden, a white handkerchief, which she had dropped, attracted his attention. He stopped, picked it up, and immediately began to search the garden.

I saw that all was lost; but, determined to defend Mary, I exclaimed, "Run, run, Mary! run!"

She started. The moment I had uttered the words I regretted that I had done so. I saw that she was too weak to run far.

Suddenly she turned, aimed the pistol at Yale, but missing him, shot one of the men, who fell.

With a demoniac shout, Yale and his surviving companion started after her. She disappeared in the direction of the mountains. I sank down into a chair, utterly overcome, and trembling in every limb, but determined to await the event.

CHAPTER XIII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XI.

AFTER the lapse of quarter of an hour, during which, as I heard no sound, I began to hope that by some miracle, Mary Maxwell had escaped, she suddenly darted into the room, and fell upon the floor, pale, ghastly, and covered with blood. Yale followed after. He entered the room, still accompanied by the masked man, whose companion lay a corpse in my garden, and seeing his victim on the floor, walked towards her.

"Will you go with me?" asked he.

"No," answered the dying woman:

"Then you are done for," said Yale; and deliberately, before my very eyes, in spite of my wild screams for his mercy, he fired at her, and scattered her brains over the floor. I fell down in a death-like swoon. On my recovery, the corpses of Mary Maxwell and Yale's masked companion, Yale himself, and every trace of the bloody murder, had vanished; but for the trampled flowers of my garden, and the ghastly remembrance which will remain in my heart until my dying day, I could have believed it all a dream. Indeed, when I communicated these circumstances to Hubert, and showed him the trampled garden, he told me that I had had an attack of nightmare; and said he did not believe one word I said. Nor could I induce him, by all my representations, to appear, in the least degree, to credit my assertions.

CHAPTER XIV.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XII.

Lawrence Grey's Suicide—Hubert's Sorrow.

As if, in visitation upon Hubert for his indifference to the horrible crime thus perpetrated, one of his own friends, a man to whom he was deeply attached, became one of the victims thereof.

It appeared, that previous to the marriage of Mary Grey to Maxwell, her husband, she had been the sole companion—they being orphans—of her brother, Lawrence Grey.

These two young persons were twins, bearing the most astonishing



LAWRENCE GREY.

resemblance to each other ; and each seemed to be constantly striving, I have since heard, to surpass the other in affection.

One day Hubert entered the house, accompanied by Lawrence Grey, who looked, in spite of his extreme beauty of appearance, like an exhumated corpse. His eyes were hollow, and glittered with a fierce and frenzied fire ; his cheeks were livid ; his dark hair matted upon his brow, and his hands trembled convulsively.

"It was here ! here, then," exclaimed he, "that Mary died ! My poor, poor sister !" and he flung himself upon the floor of the apartment in an agony of grief.

"Come, Grey," said Hubert, "be a man."

"Be a man!" answered Grey; "no, no! Henceforth I am a demon. I live but for one purpose,—to kill Bernard Yale. When that is done, I am ready to depart."

"Calm yourself, Grey, for heaven's sake," answered Hubert; "you do not know"—here he glanced at the windows—"you do not know who may overhear you."

"I care not," answered Grey; "I care not; she is dead—Mary is dead—the world is dead to me;—would to God I were dead too!"

"Will you not consent to live for my sake?" said Hubert, taking his hand with the tenderness of a woman.

"No; I ask but death! speedy death," said Grey; "I care not how soon it comes, or in what shape—but first revenge! revenge! revenge!"

Muttering this, and horrible threats against Yale, the poor maniac left us, and wandered away. On the morrow, a corpse was found floating in the Great Salt Lake; it was that of poor Lawrence Grey. He had fired at Yale, missed him, been seized by some of Yale's satellites, had escaped from them, and to evade the probable horror of Yale's revenge, had drowned himself.

Hubert, who discovered the body, wept over it, raved, and called wildly upon Grey to speak to him. The dead answered not. At last, wild with grief, poor Hubert bore the body to Yale himself, and, in the most abject manner, implored him to use his miraculous power, and restore the dead to life. This man told him "no," that in this case it was impossible; that the spirit within him had "no power over suicides."

Hubert walked away in deep despair, and for the first time, I saw that his blind faith in Yale was shaken. I profited by this, to implore him to fly with me: he still sullenly refused.

CHAPTER XV.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XIII.

Birth of Boadicea's Child—Proposal of Hubert to bring another Wife into his House
—Contempt of Boadicea.

..... AT last, after great suffering, I became the happy mother of a lovely little boy. Those alone who, estranged from all other ties, thus form a new one, as it were, WITH HEAVEN, can tell what deep joy and thankfulness were mine. But it was not shared by Hubert. Moody, gloomy and cold, he scarcely noticed the boy, or spoke to me.

I knew that something was wrong in my mind, which meant mischief, but the birth of my boy, (whom my still great affection for his

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BOADICEA AND HER CHILD.



PRICE AND HIS WIFE.

father, induced me to call Hubert,) seemed to nerve me to any thing. In fact, I thought but little of any thing except my child, or the lowering looks, the coldness and absence of mind of Hubert would have soon opened my eyes.

One afternoon, he seated himself beside me, and contrary to his usual custom, took my hand in his. Surprised by this movement, I looked up at him, and he began to speak.

"Do you love me, Boadicea?" said he.

"Yes," answered I.

"Sufficiently to sacrifice your own old notions of right and wrong to my happiness? In fact, sufficiently to sacrifice yourself for me?"

"Yes," answered I, inwardly quaking—for I began to understand that something dreadful was about to take place—"I love you," reiterated I, "sufficiently to do any thing for your good or happiness."

"Then I will tell you, my dear wife, what I have on my mind. I wish to take into my house another wife."

I did not move; I did not speak; I did not fall dead—but I felt as if turned to stone.

"Yes!" continued Hubert, "I feel it to be my duty to take up the cross of religion, and courageously to follow the example of my dear brothers in the Lord, for the glory of the Lord. All I ask is your promise to conduct yourself with propriety and kindness towards the new-comer."

"For the love of Heaven, do not do this!" answered I. "It will drive me mad!"

"Oh, no! Recollect it is the custom here. The eyes of the world will soon be opened to the fact that this is indeed the proper way to worship God—by raising up families to His praise. And do you not know that every wife a man takes unto himself is a new angel, whom he leads into heaven; and who becomes thereby sure of heaven, because she has a spiritual husband to lead her there?"

"For Heaven's sake, hush these horrible blasphemies! I cannot and will not hear them!" exclaimed I.

"And is this your love, your gratitude to me, for the affection and kindness which I have shown you; and for my having thus long forbore to bring Cephysia near you—except one single time?"

"Cephysia!" cried I; "is it indeed for that woman that you are about to throw away my pure, earnest and sincere affection? Is it indeed that creature whom you propose to bring here?"

"It is Cephysia Brown—an excellent, warm-hearted woman; and not one to assail me in this manner, and treat my reasonable and feasible proposition thus. No! she is not selfish; she would willingly suffer another near the throne!"

"Doubtless *she* would," answered I; "for hers is not pure love like mine."

Was it not too horrible! I knew what was before me. Females, according to the rules and practices of Mormonism, are decidedly inferior beings—created merely for the purpose of ministering to the passions, wants and low propensities of men; and, as Hubert stated, thought to be only admitted to the "communion of the faithful," in this world and the next, through the merits and in consideration of the husband.

The women are treated as but little better than slaves; they are in fact white slaves; are required to do all the most servile drudgery; are painfully impressed with their nothingness and utter inferiority, in divers ways and at all seasons; and are frequently, as in the case of Mary Maxwell, subjected to personal violence and various modes of corporeal punishment.

There was a young woman named Lizzie Price among the Mormons, whose history is a case in point. Her lover was a thoroughbred hunter. He carried his rifle with the grace of a young Apollo. He dressed in rich furs and Indian moccasins, and wore a blanket like a Mexican cloak; but such was the grace of his motions and the beauty of his manly person, that no costume could have been more becoming. In face he resembled Hubert. The wild spirit of adventure alone seemed to stir him until he met with lovely Lizzie Price. Hers was the countenance of one of Raphael's virgins—pure, sad, sweet and holy. He tended her in sickness—she being threatened with consumption. She soon became devotedly attached to him; and, upon his solemn promise not to take another wife until her death, she consented to marry him. In a short time his manner



LIZZIE PRICE IN DISTRESS AT THE TREATMENT OF HER HUSBAND.

changed. He, like Hubert, frequently absented himself—would threaten and scold her for the merest trifle; and, at last, one day flew into a violent rage at the sight of her grief, when he proposed bringing another wife into the house, and actually beat her—*beat her with his fists*—so violently as to bring on a hemorrhage, which, being repeated, ended her days. She is buried no one knows where. All dead bodies are mysteriously spirited away among the Mormons, and no clue is ever found or sought for the sacred relics of the dead.



DEATH OF LIZZIE PRICE.

I fell ill again with agitation at the dreadful prospect before me. Indeed, having but lately recovered from the pangs of child-birth, I could not bear the agony of mind thus inflicted upon me. I sank under it.

Hubert left me to take care of myself. I should have died but for the kindness of a neighbor, whom I had previously nursed through a long and tedious illness.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XIV.

Performance of Hubert's Second Marriage—Introduction of Second Wife—Contempt of Boadicea.

IN a few days from this time Hubert was married—"sealed unto" Cephysia Brown. On the second day after the ceremony he brought her to my house. I took no notice of her entrance or of Hubert's. She then attempted to show that *she* was mistress, by laying her hands upon every thing—even some of my clothes, which I was mending. I calmly took them from her, rose with my child, and retired to my room. In that apartment I abode with little Hubert, who grew and thrived; and I never quitted it, except to prepare my frugal meals.

Cephysia immediately appropriated the sitting-room—the ornaments of which she changed to suit her fancy. For some time she did not interfere with me personally. At last, one day, Hubert (before whom she affected extreme mildness and meekness) being absent, she commenced the insults which I saw she was desirous of putting upon me, by snatching from my hands a dish in which I had just placed some vegetables.

I took no more notice than I would have done of the petulance of a child, but continued on my way to my room.

"I want this," she then exclaimed, snatching my shawl from my shoulders.

"Very well," answered I; "take it."

"And this," said she, attempting to unfasten from the bosom of my dress a brooch on which was painted the portrait of Hubert.

"I cannot give you that," answered I; "I value it very much."

"You need not think of him; you need not care for him; he does not care sixpence for you."

"Perhaps not," answered I; "but he is my husband, and I shall always love him."

"Nonsense," answered she; "he is *my* husband now, and I can have you turned out of the house with your brat any day I choose."

"You know perfectly well, Mrs. Brown," answered I, "that in

a decent place you would be nothing more than my husband's *mistress*—that any true and righteous law will uphold me as his only and legitimate wife. But it matters not. I am content to bear what Providence has visited upon me, doubtless for some good and wise purpose. All I ask is that you will let me alone. I shall not either address you or interfere with you or Hubert in any wise."

"But I hate the sight of your chalk-white face," answered Cephysia; "and out of the house you shall march, sooner or later. I shall tell Hubert what you have been saying, every word of it, and that you called me his mistress. Mistress, indeed! I'm his *wife*."

With this I left her, for she had, by this time, worked herself up into a violent rage, and looked so red and angry, that I was quite afraid of her.

Things continued for some time in this way, made worse, however, by the scowling countenance with which Hubert looked at me, whenever, by any accident, he encountered me; and by his encouraging Cephysia's impertinence and contemptuous conduct in every imaginable way.

I bore up as well as I could, endeavoring to console myself in the sweet society of my lovely infant, and by the reflection that, painful as was my lot, it was Paradise in comparison to that of many other women in the settlement, for Hubert had never yet laid his hand in violence upon me.

Every day I grew paler, feebler, and thinner, for the desertion of Hubert, and his ill-humors were breaking my heart. I loved him as I can never love any other. He was the first I have ever loved—the last, the only one.

Cephysia had now appropriated to her own use, and kept locked, all the other apartments, except the kitchen. During my short absences from my own room, she managed to introduce herself into it, and appropriated, also, all my handsomest clothes, as well as the coveted brooch.

I said nothing—only it was with a feeling resembling joy, that I one evening observed that Hubert started back in great displeasure, and frowned darkly, at seeing her dressed in a dress which it had once given him pleasure to see me arrayed in.

He spoke to her about this. I do not know what he said, but that evening he came into my room, bringing with him all the dresses of which Cephysia had robbed me, and also the brooch. Bending over me, he fastened the brooch in the bosom of my dress, clasped me fervently in his arms, kissed me several times with great warmth, and withdrew from the room, after placing the dresses upon a chair.



A MORMON FAMILY.

CHAPTER XVII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XV.

Second Wife (Cephysia) Ill-treats Boadicea and Little Hubert—Attempts to Poison Boadicea.

It was about four months after she had been brought into my house, that I observed that Cephysia surveyed me with scowling brows. As I passed her on the stairs, she pretended to trip, and her heavy weight falling against me, caused me to fall and severely bruise my head. In a moment I was covered with blood from the severe gash inflicted. Faint, giddy, tottering, and utterly miserable, I managed to reach my room.

In the evening, Hubert, observing that my brows were bound up, asked me what was the matter. I told him. He seemed very angry, and sending for Cephysia, made her ask my pardon, and promise never to molest me more.

She sullenly promised, but the "lurking devil in her eye," forbade me to believe that she did so with sorrow or sincerity, or with the remotest intention of keeping her promise.

After a few days, I observed that she seemed, more than ever be-

fore, to notice my child; at last she asked me to let her take it. I replied that I did not wish to trust him out of my arms, as he was delicate, and she was not accustomed to children.

She went away pouting. After a while she came back, and snatched the child, (who was then in a good deal of pain, and crying in consequence,) from my arms.

"I'll teach the brat to yelp and yell in that style!" said she, and she struck the little creature a violent blow.

I took him from her; "What!" said I, as calmly as I could, "would you commit the crime of murder? Would you kill my child? Go, woman, go, and the Lord have mercy upon you, and cast out the devil which has you in possession." With this, I took her by the arm and led her from the room, the door of which I locked.

I heard nothing more from her for several days; I found that the little Hubert was not injured by her violence; in fact, I think that then her design was more to anger me, which she had not yet succeeded in doing, than to injure him. She entered my room a week after this, wearing a smile on her face, and holding in her hand a plate. On the plate was a rich cake, of which she invited me to take a slice, saying that she had made it for Hubert.

I unsuspectingly took a piece of it, which, however, I refrained from eating then, as I was not hungry at the time. I had one pet in my room—a bird, whose brilliant plumage had induced Hubert to catch it. He had brought it home to me, and constructed a cage, in which I still kept "Favorite," as I called the bird, for I prized and cherished it for Hubert's dear sake.

I know not what induced me to crumble the cake in my hand, and to feed my bird with it, but, in a few moments after swallowing the crumbs, with which I fed it, the little creature fluttered from its perch, gave a convulsive struggle, and fell dead in the bottom of the cage. I stood amazed, horrified, and trembling: that Cephysia Brown was a bad-tempered, abandoned, violent woman, I knew; that she was a murderess I had not as yet believed.

Willing to convince myself further, I fed one of the animals in the yard, a hunting dog, with the remains of the cake: it expired instantly.

I now determined to leave the house,—knew not where to go. The neighbor whom I had nursed was a poor Indian woman, very old and infirm, named "Fawn Fleet." She was my only friend in the whole settlement. To her I determined to go. I accordingly packed up the few articles in my possession, in readiness to depart upon the earliest absence of Hubert.

The lovely little Hubert grew and thrived, despite my sorrows. I spent many a happy hour, in spite of them, over the little darling's cradle. I never tired of holding him in my arms, of dressing him, bathing his rosy limbs, working on his tiny garments, and curling the tendrils of his clustering hair.

There is no such sweet society as that of a little child. A mother

sees many indications of intelligence, which will not strike any eye but a mother's—many a beauty which, perhaps, may exist only in her imagination, but which makes her darling the delight of her eyes, and the pride of her heart. So passed the long days: I felt only too grateful to God for my precious charge. To escape, to fly, to reach the States, and establish myself with my boy in a Christian society, was my sole dream, my sole purpose in existence. I thought of that alone, and I felt sure that once there, old ties would renew themselves in Hubert's mind, and that he would soon join me.





BOADICEA CONFIDING IN FAWN FLEET.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XVI.

I ACCORDINGLY left Hubert's house one evening, during one of his absences. To my surprise and sorrow, however, I found "Fawn Fleet," to whom I hastened, very ill. I nursed her faithfully, and after I had succeeded in producing some little change for the better, a relapse took place, and she became feverish; the fever increased, she grew delirious, and, on the tenth day after my arrival, she died.

Being very ill myself, I determined now to return for a short time to Hubert's house, hoping that he might still be absent therefrom. When I arrived, I found that he had not yet returned. He had recently become an important person among the Elders and Saints, and would very often absent himself whole weeks without appearing, and would account for these absences, by saying to Cephysia, that he had been attending to "religious matters."

She would receive him sulkily, grumble a little, and no more would be said. Heaven only knows with what dark and hideous mysteries this time was occupied. I know only that each day appeared to harden him more against me, the boy, and even Cephysia, of whom he now appeared heartily tired. Cephysia now renewed her ill-treatment of me. There was no unkindness, no insult, no low language, no unwomanly slight, to which, in my then feeble and wretched state of health, she failed to subject me.

I endeavored to bear up against this, but it was with a desolate soul, a drooping and heavy heart. I pitied Cephysia as much as I despised her. Once a beautiful girl, naturally strong passions and sinful tastes had led her away from the path of rectitude and virtue.

The path of sin is ever strewn with thorns, and I doubt whether Cephysia was not far, far more utterly wretched, withal, than I, for *she* knew that in her heart she was not only an adulteress, but also nearly a murderess. Poor woman, self-condemned, self-tortured, self-hating!

I continued to nurse my little darling, and Cephysia seemed gloomier and more sullen every day, but no longer approached, or in any way attempted to molest me. Of this I felt glad, for my heart was very heavy. I thought that my last hours were approaching, such was the feebleness I experienced, and I had the very natural wish to die where my few happy days had been spent, and in Hubert's abiding place.

In the mean time, the strangeness of Cephysia's behavior attracted my attention. She was gloomy, and very melancholy. I noticed that she ate opium, under the intoxicating effects of which, combined with the stimulant of liquors, she would talk in a strange, wild strain. Once I asked her, while suffering, as I could see she was, from one of these melancholy attacks, if she did not wish to fly to the States.

"No, no!" she exclaimed; "the Prophet Smith hath declared, that not very many years will elapse, before the whole of the United States will present a horrible scene of general bloodshed, such as has no parallel in the history of nations. Earthquakes, hail, pestilence, and famine, will sweep the wicked Gentiles who abide there from off the face of the earth, 'to open and prepare the way for the lost tribes of Israel.'"

"Do you believe—can you really believe this?" said I.

"Yes, it is the truth of revelation," answered Cephysia; "none, none shall be spared among the blinded and damned generation of the Gentiles. We alone—we people of the Lord, and people of the chosen Zion, we alone shall be saved out of the fire that forever burneth!"

"What a horrible doctrine!" exclaimed I.

"Yes, yes! I feel! I see! I know!" shouted the woman, whose every word and gesture announced insanity. "I know that we, we shall live and reign with Christ a thousand years in glory!"

"Do you believe the Mormon faith will indeed save your soul?" asked I.

"I do," answered she; "yes, yes! such is the saving power of that faith, that if I had committed a murder every day of my life, committed all possible earthly sins, I should arise, through that faith, at the last trump; and my spirit be restored to my body,

because I have received the holy and perfect baptism which cleanseth from all possible contamination of sin."

She spoke with a kind of exaltation; indeed, I believe that her sinful life and present habits were, even at that time, while she was still a young and handsome woman, driving her mad.

"Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad."



MORMON COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER XIX.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XVII.

Symptoms of Consumption—Brother Howard Wishes Boadicea to become one of his Wives.

I CONTINUED ill, though I still managed to keep about; but the symptoms of latent consumption were developing themselves in my system. That is the disease of which the broken-hearted generally die.

Night-sweats, a constant pain in my breast, cold feet, an occasional hemorrhage, the pallor almost of death itself, succeeded by hectic fever, emaciation, slight however, and sleeplessness, were gradually enfeebling me. The secret of all this was a breaking heart.

Hubert observing this, grew kinder. I think that he judged that my days would be but few; I thought so then.

A broken heart! How frequently women—aye, and men, too, die of this!

It is less violent grief, very often, than the fact that the enthusiasm of life is over, gone! After one deception, and the falling to earth of all one's most glorious and loveliest hopes, that enthusiastic belief which makes life, by its fair illusions, a dream of bliss, and earth a paradise for a little time, being gone forever, a settled, calm despair, often unsuspected by outward eyes, takes possession of the spirit, the rest of existence is but a weary exile from the hoped-for rest of heaven, which neither duty nor faith can brighten to the "light of other days." "A wounded spirit, who shall bear?"

While I was still ill and languishing, Brother Howard came to the house. This time he came not as a suitor for Brother Seth Holmes; but to plead his own guilty cause, and to induce me to become one of his wives.

He commenced his conversation, as usual, with what is called "religious" cant, — an expression which, by the by, contradicts itself; for religion, true religion, has nothing to do with *cant* in any shape or way. After a little of that style of discourse, he thus continued:

"I think, beloved and lovely Sister Boadicea, that where a perfect adaptation exists between two persons, such as I am confident exists between you and I, it is perfectly accordant with our pursuit of happiness on earth to adapt ourselves eternally, and devote ourselves solely, to each other. With a being like yourself, beautiful Boadicea," continued he, "the heart would be lulled into an everlasting and felicitous repose, for you fill the whole mind with

the poetical ideal of womanhood, while your elegance and accomplishments, the elevated tone of your mind, and the perfection of your manner, leave nothing further to be desired. All other beings fall short of the exalted ideal which you present—all ideas formerly received are forever forgotten at the first glance of your intrinsically eyes, your lovely and inspiring countenance. Never, never can I forget the effect which the first sight of you produced in me,—never, if you will accept me for your husband, will I, like the tasteless Hubert, wander from your side, or bring another being into the sacred cycle wherein you shall dwell. Be but mine! mine!" (here Brother Howard, *the Saint!* fell on his knees before me,) "be but mine, adored one, and no destiny, no creed, shall ever part us."

This might have had some effect upon a person not strengthened as I was against temptation, by my attachment to Hubert, for Brother Howard was rather a handsome man, and spoke with much enthusiasm and apparent sincerity; but I regarded it simply as folly, for I knew by Hubert's inconstancy, how men can

"Give countenance to their speech,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven."

I was about to leave Howard in indignant horror, but he angrily rose and detained me.

"Since, madam," said he, "you refuse to listen to peaceful and kind proposals, I will endeavor to make you sensible of your folly by other means; and I now apprise you, that if you do not accept my proffer, your life is not one moment safe: at any time a chance shot may reach you, and who will suspect, who will dare say that I am guilty?"

"I care not what you do, what you say; but for my child, my life is indifferent to me. I will never listen to you, and I advise you to go your ways."

Howard rose, muttering threats between his teeth, and left the room.

CHAPTER XX.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XVIII.

Scorn of Boadicea—She Expresses her Horror of the Mormon Doctrines.

IN vain did Howard pursue me—in vain did he in every way plead his loathsome and guilty suit. I was proof against his pleadings. His voice fell upon my ear as water upon a rock, and my heart remained faithful to my beloved Hubert.

I felt, for all he said—his cant, his hypocrisy, his high-flown sen-

timent, the absence of all principle, or moral tone in the very character and mind of the man—a most thorough and unmitigated contempt.

Persons may learn to love one whom they have hated, but never one whom they *despise*; and Howard I most thoroughly despised as a hypocrite and liar.

I paid very little attention to these threats, with which he had sought to alarm me during our last interview; and, indeed, in my own heart, thought them no more than idle threats meant to alarm me into accepting him. I afterwards found out my error.

Upon Howard's presenting himself at my house again, I found that he had an ally in Cephysia. She not only wished to bring me to her own level, to make me as impure as herself, but also wished me to leave her in possession of the house, in order that she might be queen "of all she surveyed."

Indeed I have little doubt but that, through hatred, jealousy and avarice, women have misled as many women as men have ruined.

I took occasion, in the presence of Cephysia and of Howard, to express my unbounded contempt of the Mormon association. "This place," said I, "is a pandemonium where vice runs riot. It would rival Hades in its motley crew of sinners. Whom do I see held up as Saints, and saluted as 'Fathers,' 'Brothers' and 'Elders' of the Church?—whom but gamblers, murderers, drunkards and blacklegs? Here is a safe retreat, a welcome home, for the forger and the horse-thief. Your very laws and foundations are the most abandoned impurity. How shall ye prosper? If you abide for a time, it is because the hand of the Lord is stayed. But, like Sodom and Gomorrah, your day will come. The sins tolerated here cry out to God for vengeance; and it will one day come. I shall live, perhaps, to see justice visited upon Bernard Yale, your Elder! who, in my presence, shot at, and killed, a defenceless woman—Mary Maxwell!" I saw that Cephysia and Howard were surprised; they said nothing, however. "Yes!" continued I; "mothers and daughters here strive against each other for the preference of that man—dipped as he is in the blood of many victims. You can remember Lawrence Grey. I see your elders wander about, loathing those they have already ruined, and forever seeking a prey among the unappropriated of the women around me; while those thus left match with their seducers in iniquity and play the same shameless game. What horrors are permitted without a word! for I know well that these husbands are the masters, the bashaws, the sultans of many of their neighbors' wives—who, provided they acquiesce in that arrangement—are in all things, except mere publicity, the same to them as the own true and real wife of each and every one."

I saw that Cephysia and Howard were surprised. They interchanged glances of secret understanding; and, after a time, went out, arm-in-arm.



MORMONS DISGUISED AS INDIAN SPIES.

When they were gone I reflected that perhaps I had been imprudent to speak thus; and yet I did not alarm myself much about it. I knew that, as the saying is, I should "not die till my time came," and so I dismissed all recollection of Howard, with the secret prayer that I might be permitted to reach the States, and, by my pen, put forth the horrors I had witnessed, in order to swell the outcry for the speedy destruction of such a hell of vice as the Mormon colony, and do my "little all" towards arresting further horrors.

CHAPTER XXI.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XIX.

Ball of the Mormon Elders—Attempt at Boadicea's Life—Agitation of Hubert—
Rage of Cephysia—Imprudent Language of Hubert.

AT about this time a ball was given by the Mormon Elders—at which I had a desire to be present. I therefore went in company with Hubert, and Howard escorted Cephysia.

Festoons of evergreen adorned the Mormon flags. At the end of the hall was a raised dais. This was intended for the seat of honor, and was to be occupied by Bernard Yale, the SAINT (!!!), and his favorite Sultana, or Elect Lady, as she is called. There were also seats placed lower down, for such women as had formerly been favorites.

There was excellent music. Many of the pieces performed were by Strauss.

The Elders, or Lords, entered the room with their last favorites on their arms. There were a great number of young bachelors, who flirted, danced, and paid the usual attentions to the belles of the evening.

Poor women! poor favorites! poor wives! "A woman,"—says one who has made the Mormons the subject of his criticism,—“cannot live out half her days among the Mormons; for, if her husband has not *already* tired of her faded beauty, and deprived her of her rights, she is in the constant fear that he will bring home a fairer one; and she suffers as acutely in suspense as if he had already done as others do: turned her from the best apartment in the house, and compelled her to do the drudgery of her rival, and actually to be her servant—while the brute has forgotten, in looking on her pale cheek and dim eye, that the beauty she brought to him at the altar, has been freely given at the shrine of maternity; and, though she has lost it forever, their children bear it in threefold perfection; for it has not been wasted, only transferred.

I was quietly gazing at the ceremonies of the ball, when, opposite

me, at one of the windows, I observed the face of Howard, who, in the early part of the evening, had quitted Cephysia. If I had been turned to stone upon the spot, I could not have been more unable to move. I saw him raise a rifle, rest it on his shoulder, take aim at me, and then he deliberately fired. The shot missed me, and pierced the brain of the Spaniard—Mona Fernandez—who was waltzing a little way beyond. With a loud cry her partner dropped her, and she fell dead upon the floor of the ball-room—her brains spattering the garments of the women near her. It would be impossible to depict the consternation which ensued. Most of the women rushed from the hall; and Hubert, disengaging himself from Cephysia, who attempted to hold him back, rushed to me, caught my falling form in his arms, and, as I lost all recollection, I could hear him calling me fond names amidst the execrations of Cephysia.

When I returned to my senses, I saw Cephysia still looking at me with an expression of malignant rage—while Hubert, apparently forgetful of her presence, knelt before me—still wearing a distracted and anxious face.

I overheard Hubert muttering to himself threats against Howard. Trembling at his imprudence in speaking thus in this crowded assemblage, I entreated him to be silent—and, even as he continued thus to speak, placed my hand upon his lips. He kissed my hand, and was silent; but, alas! it was too late. I saw that Seth Holmes, who stood near, had overheard him; for he gave me a threatening look, muttered something to himself, and left the ball-room.

In spite of Cephysia's rage, Hubert supported my tottering steps to the door, and accompanied me home. Cephysia arrived soon after. She came to the door of my room, and finding that Hubert was seated beside me, broke out into the most violent and unrestrained abuse—until Hubert ordered her to go to her own room; then she began to abuse him: whereupon he rose angrily from his seat—took her by the arm, led her to her room, and locked her in it.

He now returned to me, and seating himself beside me, extracted from me by his questions, the whole matter concerning Howard, his visits, his courtship (so to speak), and his threats against my life. He trembled and quivered with rage several times, during my recital, and bounded up from his seat every now and then, uttering the most appalling threats against Howard's life, calling him "coward," "villain," "dastard," "dog," and many other very appropriate names.

I now endeavored to calm him, but it was a long time ere I could succeed in doing so. For hours, he still paced the room; I could hear him say, "no use, my God! no use"—"fenced in as he is!"—"could I but meet him alone!"—"no satellite near!" &c., &c., from which I judged that he was really unable to attack Howard, without the interference of some one of his agents and abettors.



REPENTANCE OF HUBERT.

CHAPTER XXII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XX.

Repentance of Hubert—He proposes Flight—Cephysia overhears—Swedenborgianism versus Mormonism.

HUBERT was now a changed man. Nothing could surpass the devotion with which he attended upon me. He watched my every motion, anticipated my least wish. He ordered Cephysia to return to her former abode, and upon her stating her inability to do so, he found her a residence, which he comfortably furnished, and in which he placed her. She left the house with threats.

There is a certain innate propriety about the generality of women, even those who lead lives not strictly virtuous, which will restrain them from using low and indelicate language; a fastidiousness of manner, so to speak; but Cephysia, like all the more lost and wicked of the Mormon women, was extremely low and coarse, as well in her tastes as in her manner of expressing herself; though she could affect nicety and play the lady upon occasion, the stamp of *vulgarity*, innate vulgarity, was indelible.

It fills me, even now, with amazement, to think that so low, so

illiterate and unrefined a woman should ever have influenced an intellect so powerful, tastes so cultivated, and a mind so refined as Hubert's naturally was. For a time, by what fascination I know not, she had obscured his better nature, planted weeds where flowers had grown, and, if her influence had continued longer, would have transformed a noble being into a brutal clod.

But this was not permitted. A return of happiness,—a summer smile on the dreary winter of my life, was permitted me; a short return of happiness, ere it bade me farewell, I fear, forever.

I have often thought, in perusing the lives of great men, that the greater part of them appear to have been temporarily under the control of some ignoble and vile female influence, under which influence the foulest stains have marred the history of their lives. St. Anthony was tempted by the devil in *female* shape, be it remembered.

Many will, doubtless, think, if any find it worth while to peruse this little history of suffering, that I was weak to take Hubert back thus, without one word of reproof, or reference to the past, yet I did so, and I have never repented it. We are parted now, but it is by the parting of the All-Powerful Hand, and I have to console me the blessed recollection that I made Hubert's last days happy. In that remembrance dwells my only comfort.

One evening, as we sat in our little garden, Hubert proposed to me to fly from the Mormon state with him and our boy, (whom he now appeared to idolize,) to reach the States, and live out the remainder of our days in an honorable manner.

It may be imagined with what joy I consented. We arranged our plan of flight. I noticed an occasional rustling of the bushes near us, and once I almost started from my seat at the noise of breath drawn pantingly near me, but when we searched the bushes we found no one. As we rose to leave it, however, which we did somewhat abruptly, I saw the black eyes of Cephysia, glittering with fiendish light, beneath a small tree a few paces from us.

I pointed her out to Hubert, who approached her. "One word of what you have heard, woman," said he, "one word of it to the Elders, and I give you my everlasting curse."

"I care neither for you nor your curses," answered Cephysia; and she disappeared, uttering the most horrible blasphemies.—I pause here to remark, that I have heard ignorant persons, discussing the "Mormon question," say, "Oh, they are something like the Swedenborgians (!!!); they don't believe in hell, and they do believe in spirits, and such things."

Now nothing could be more different (as all enlightened persons, even of opposite religious sects, will uphold me in saying) from Mormonism than the doctrines of Emmanuel Swedenborg. The former is the creed of the devil; the latter that of the Lord. I know enough of Swedenborg to know this. His doctrines enjoin and inculcate,

above all things, a pure life. To commit adultery is, according to Swedenborg, "*to admit the devil.*"

It scarcely needs that I should state this; the well-read of every sect have handled the enlightened doctrines of Swedenborg, and know that what I here assert is *true*.

I entered the house disturbed in spirit. Hubert laughed at my fears.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXI.

Hubert is strangled—Discovery of his Body through Cephysia.

I NOW approach that part of my history which I tremble to write—it is so horrible; and yet I must, I will nerve myself to write it out; for I am but one of many who have suffered misery,—even such misery as my wrung heart has borne.

Hubert left me one lovely morning, promising to return soon, his countenance glowing with health and animation—every thing speaking in his gait, his manner, his words, his looks—of love, hope, and life.

Little did I think then, when his lips pressed mine, as he retraced his steps to kiss his boy, that I looked upon his living face for the last, *last* time.

How sad seems the future—how dark—how hopeless! for my poor husband, whom his very faults could never estrange from my heart, sleeps, alas! with the hidden dead.

I know not what presentiment of evil made me weary soon of my work, and I restlessly wandered about from room to room, occasionally running to the window, fancying I heard Hubert's voice. I *never* heard it more.

While, having at last seated myself again, I was quieting my boy to sleep, Cephysia entered my room. It struck me that she was lividly pale, but the second time I looked I fancied it might be the candle-light, night having set in.

"Come with me," said she, in a hollow and fearful voice; "come to your lord and master."

"What mean *you*?" answered I. "Where is he?"

"If you would see him alive, come with me. He has embraced you, my white lily," continued she, using the pet name by which Hubert sometimes called me; "he has embraced you for the *last* time."

"In heaven's name, tell me what you mean!" exclaimed I, clasping my hands in entreaty.

"Come and see," answered Cephysia.

I laid my sleeping infant down, and as I carefully arranged the clothes about his little form, I noted the wild, wicked eyes of Cephysia fixed upon me, and then upon him, with so malignant an expression that I shuddered involuntarily.

I did not attach much importance to her wild words, and wilder manner, for I had long looked upon her as insane. I followed her, however, to some distance from the house, and I noticed that the earth seemed roughened and broken, as if by the tread of heavy feet.

We still continued to walk on, and a heavy dread began to overpower me. Scarcely could I drag myself along. I seemed as if under the influence of some hideous nightmare. The form of Cephysia, as it loomed up beside me, (she was a tall, as well as a large woman,) seemed to assume diabolic outlines and weird proportions.

We continued to walk until I heard voices muttering. As I looked up, I saw a group of persons assembled together; each of them held a dark lantern, and in the moonlight their faces were distinctly visible. Two of the group were Howard and Holmes.

Over what did they bend, think you, with eyes glaring with malignant and fiendish satisfaction? It was above the corpse of Hubert, the dead body of my husband, strangled by their demon-hands!

At first I did not discern Hubert's face, but presently the lantern of Howard was turned round, and the light flashed upon his upturned brow.

"Dead, stone dead!" said Howard.

In one instant I darted from Cephysia, who had held my arm as in a vice. I flung myself into the midst of the conspirators.

"Leave him to me, leave him to me!" cried I. "You have killed him, you have killed my husband; your hate is satisfied against us both; leave his cold corpse with me!"

With one accord they rose; Howard dropped the body; they fled one and all, leaving Cephysia alone with me, and the dead body of the dearest being on earth, to his poor, heart-broken wife.

I imagined that he might not be quite, quite dead! In vain I loosened the cords from his throat—in vain did I chafe his hands, and kiss his stony and clay-cold brow. He was dead!—he was dead!

CHAPTER XXIV.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXII.

Horrible and malignant Exultation of Cephysia—Horror of Boadicea—Her swoon—Hemorrhage of the Lungs.

LOOKING up, I saw Cephysia; to the hour of my death I can never forget her face. Hate was satisfied against me. Hubert was dead,

and upon her countenance was despicied malignant and devilish satisfaction.

Then she exclaimed, "Now we are even—the white lily and the dark lady stand on the same level now. The dead is neither yours nor mine. Yes!" continued she, "he sought me; and of all the world, him only have I loved, him alone, him alone! You robbed me of his heart when at last it was all mine; and I hate you with an undying hate. To death will I pursue you, for you have driven me mad! mad! mad!"

And tearing her hair, howling, and wailing, the maniac fled from me out into the country, leaving me petrified with speechless horror.

I fell beside my dead husband in a swoon. I found myself, on awaking, at home. A neighbor hearing my child cry, had, in passing, entered, and procured assistance. I lay upon my bed—beside me, the corpse of Hubert, the face veiled; and a handkerchief which covered my mouth was saturated with blood from a copious hemorrhage of the lungs.

The kind neighbor, Mrs. Munroe, an old lady, whom I had known in the States, and an excellent woman, was walking up and down the room, wringing her hands.

"How horrible!" said she to me. "How did all this happen?"

I could not speak to tell her. I fell back in a long, death-like trance, from which I awoke to a delirious, fever, which lasted a month.

Mrs. Munroe watched over me and my child, as a mother might have done. I know nothing of what happened within the month—it is a long blank in my life.

CHAPTER XXV.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXIII.

Despair of Boadicea—Illness of Little Hubert—Cephysia Poisons the Little Hubert.

I AWOKE to despair. A dull, gloomy, settled despondency weighed continually upon my heart, when I began, as the expression is, to *realise* my fate. Alone, except for a helpless child, a widow indeed, friendless, surrounded by bitter enemies, and the object of the inveterate hatred of an insane woman.

How heavily the icy hand of Death presses upon the heart! Death, the *great reality*, which not even the atheist, the infidel, can deny; the solemn, mysterious parting for that

—"bourn from which no traveler returns."

All other afflictions seem trivial in comparison to this. Illness, mental suffering, poverty, distress of all kinds, may be borne with



ILLNESS OF LITTLE HUBERT.

cheerfulness and resignation, but the dreary separation of death, the dark uncertainty which makes the spirit faint lest the parting be for all eternity, forever and ever; this is, indeed, the sorrow of sorrows.

I often wonder to see how callous it is possible for persons, even the most fondly attached to each other, to become, alluding with calmness to the dead and gone. Their trust must be great.

My heart seems to me the grave of Hubert, and ever and anon rings in my ears the wild song of poor, crazed Ophelia.

“And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no; he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

“He is dead and gone,
And we cast a weary moan,
And peace be with his soul.”

In the midst of this dull, heavy sorrow, as if purposely to rouse me to exertion, my little boy fell ill. Despite my care, he rapidly grew worse, moaning and tossing with fever, and continually tortured with pain.

The lovely creature had twined himself about my very heart-strings. I loved him next to Hubert, but with another love; that deep, intense, unutterable feeling—“a mother’s love.”

Perhaps there is no love so tender, so deep, so earnest, so unalterable.

I would cheerfully, willingly have died to secure happiness to my boy. To a mother it seems nothing to die for her child.

Little Hubert still grew worse. It was impossible for me to procure good medical assistance, and I was too young and inexperienced to act with promptness and discrimination; and even had I been better informed as regarded the illnesses of children, it would have prolonged his life but a little while, for he, too, my poor darling child, was doomed. Yes! have I not reason to hate the Mormons, since their hellish doctrines ultimately produced the death of both my husband and child?

One day Cephysia entered my house. She seated herself beside me, though I recoiled, and offered her no welcome, and began talking in a wild, rambling manner, now common to the poor, frantic being.

"Let me take the baby," said she, at last; and I, fearing to refuse her, let her take him; "I have brought him some medicine to quiet him," said she, and immediately administered some by pouring down his throat a large draught, from a small bottle which she held in her hand.

"What is that, Cephysia?" exclaimed I, snatching the infant from her.

"Nothing but a cordial," said she; "don't disturb yourself—he'll soon be quieted now."

It never occurred to me that she was giving the infant any thing that would injure him, though I should have feared it, from her attempt to poison me.

Presently my infant, still faintly moaning, closed his eyes, and after a few moments fell into a deep and tranquil sleep. From that deep sleep he never woke—the she-devil, Cephysia, had drugged him with a heavy dose of laudanum!

On the morrow, finding that he still slept, I sought for her every where. At last I found her crouched beside the place where, through my entreaties, the Mormon authorities had interred my husband.

Upon my resolutely demanding of her what she had given my child, she exclaimed, "Laudanum enough to kill you!"

Then, with a loud cry of maniacal exultation and triumph, she rose and bounded away.



DEATH OF BOADICEA'S CHILD.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXIV.

Death of Little Hubert.

IN vain did I use every means in my power to rouse my poor baby; the drug had been too powerful; the little innocent being's short life was ended. He and his father are now perhaps united, but I am all alone.

Mrs. Munroe endeavored to assist me. Our utmost efforts were of no avail. The hand of God had indeed fallen heavily upon me. I cannot dwell longer upon this unhappy time. I grow cold and trembling when I think upon it.

I knew not what angelic influence prevented me, distracted and heart-broken as I was, from ending my misery by suicide, but it was not suffered me to soil my soul by that deadly and rebellious sin.

Yet what a fearful temptation it is to the heart-broken! The rest seems so secure, the termination of misery so certain; yet *something*

"Makes us rather bear the ills we have,
Than fly to others which we know not of."



BOADICEA MOURNING THE LOSS OF HER CHILD.

CHAPTER XXVII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXV.

Burial of Little Hubert.

WITH my own hands, beside his father's resting-place, in a valley between two mountains, I dug my little Hubert's grave. I laid him in it, uttered over him all the prayers I could remember, for my racked brain was too much tortured for memory to do its perfect work; and then I planted his little grave with flowers.

This done, I fell upon the grave. Mrs. Munroe has since told me, that I must have remained there in a sort of trance for a number of hours, for, as I had insisted upon fulfilling my heavy and fearful task alone, she had not accompanied me, and thinking every hour would bring me home, she did not seek for me till sunset.

I have a glimmering recollection of going home with her, of the lonely house, of gathering my baby's toys and clothes together, and then I remember weeping very much, and after that all is a black, dark blank again.

I again fell ill, this time so seriously, that Mrs. Munroe despaired of ever seeing me rise from my bed.

When I again was able to stand upon my feet, I could scarcely totter along, so weakened had I become. Well, well,—“Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth.”

CHAPTER XXVIII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXVI.

Jeannette Boisrouge is Pursued—Flies to Boadicea—Description of Jeannette—Her Previous Sufferings.

AND now let me speak of the sufferings of another. Among the young persons belonging to the colony, but like myself, *in not of it*, was a young girl, named Jeannette Boisrouge, a French girl, with strong religious principles, and a good education for a person occupying the standing in society to which she belonged.

Being pursued by the importunities of Holmes, and knowing from Mrs. Munroe, that I had been made to suffer therefrom, and actuated by fear at the revelation of Mrs. Munroe, that Holmes had been one of my husband's murderers, she fled to me from her father's house.

I will here describe Jeannette. She was the prettiest French girl I ever remember to have seen. She was a native of Normandy, and had all the healthy beauty of the natives of that country. Her features were not particularly regular; her nose was decidedly retrousse; but nevertheless, piquant and charming; her eyes large, black as sloes, and her hair a rich glossy chesnut brown; her cheeks were ruddy with beautiful health, and her form plump, and at the same time that it was rather too short, was not wanting in that indescribable tournure which distinguishes the French girl, even in low life.

My readers may have seen a little picture representing “Rigolette,” in Sue's “Mysteries de Paris.” She is depicted looking up from her work at her canary bird, and has the three-cornered handkerchief upon her head, which the fashion has now designated by her name. Jeannette Boisrouge was the fac-simile of this sketch. Hers was the same arch, yet modest and composed countenance.

When she entered my room, the poor girl's feelings overcame her; she had, since the death of my boy, frequently visited me, and we had become much attached to each other. She was much surprised to find me so feeble and emaciated.

“Ah, Madame Boadicie!” exclaimed she, “what have been my sufferings, mais extreme, vraiment c'est trop fort pour moi!” and she sank back in her chair, and the tears streamed down her face.

According to her statement, her father, old Boisrouge, as veritable a rascal as ever lived, was one of the confederates of Holmes, and



JEANNETTE BOISSROUGE.

had persecuted her for some time, in order to induce her to become the scoundrel's *spiritual* wife.

Jeannette strenuously refused. She was, however, no match for Holmes and her father's villainous plotting and determination. First, in order to coerce her to their wishes, her father had, at the instigation of Holmes, deprived her of her best clothes, and of every little luxury which their circumstances admitted of their using.

Secondly, in order to "make her open her eyes to the excellencies of ce bon Monsieur Holmes," and to conclude the bargain (Holmes having agreed to pay her father a certain sum for her person), Boissrouge had severely beaten her.

Her admirer and betrothed, Aldolphe Bertrand, a well-looking young French *garçon*, had been spirited mysteriously away. It was stated that the Indians had killed him, but one of the peccadilloes of the Mormons consists in disguising themselves in Indian costume, and waylaying such persons as are obnoxious to them, and putting them

to death, after first appropriating such moneys as they might have about them. Numbers were known to have disappeared in this manner: the blame then fell upon the Indians, whom such of the colony as were deceived into believing them the true malefactors, became more than ever anxious to exterminate. Even those poor savages were incapable of committing deeds so infamous, so bloodthirsty, and so cruel, as were common practices of the Mormon Elders, under the name of religion.

The father of Jeannette was one of those persons on whose face nature seemed to have written "*villain*." His bad, small, twinkling eyes; his sallow and mottled skin; his sensual and cunning mouth; his small squat figure, more like that of a low Dutch boor, than of a native of France; each and all of these characteristics seemed to mark him out as not only the greatest rascal, but the ugliest rascal also, upon the settlement.

I could easily credit Jeannette's assertions, and fervently pity her tears, for no one who saw old Boisrouge would hesitate to believe him capable of any or every cruelty and vicious act.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXVII.

Jeannette is gagged and carried away.

WE were a long time in earnest conversation, and many were the horrors which Jeannette revealed to me as having fallen under her observation, since she had become a resident among the Mormons.

Murders, seductions, thefts, all manner of iniquity was so customary that all were becoming alike hardened and callous. The general voice was hushed in consternation. Some, even among the Mormons, who like my poor Hubert, had been led to believe in the inspiration and piety of the Elders, were horrified at the extent of crime perpetrated; but at each revolt, the rebellious party was sure to disappear from all eyes.

It is unnecessary for me to state here all the horrors with relation to the Mormons, which I know to be *facts*, both from my own knowledge, and the information abundantly and recklessly afforded to all who feel disposed to inquire into this subject, which should be a matter of vital interest to all, for who, among the happiest and most peaceful families of the United States, can feel assured that the inspiration of the devil will not lead some member of those happy circles to depart, and (under *demoniac possession*, for such I deem the Mormon influence) to blaspheme, and commit such vices and crimes as I have already exposed to the reader?



JEANNETTE IS GAGGED AND CARRIED AWAY.

I still continued in conversation with Jeannette Boisrouge, when Holmes, accompanied by the same masked individual as had accompanied Howard (I recognized his gaunt and stooping figure), entered the room where we sat. I have since learned that Cephysia Brown informed him that Jeannette Boisrouge was seeking shelter with me.

Holmes approached Jeannette, and in a rough manner desired her to go with him, saying that he would "show her the way back to her father." She replied, that she preferred remaining where she was.

"Mademoiselle Boisrouge is visiting me," interposed I, "and I am by no means tired of her company."—Though outwardly calm, I was really trembling in every limb.

"Her father has promised me that she should not leave his mansion, except as my wife, and I will bring her to terms, if he can't," answered Holmes rudely.

"If you wish me to become your *maitresse*—what you call wife," said Jeannette in her broken English—"you take one very strange way to pay your court. I think you are one very much bad, wicked man, and I never will become your *maitresse*—your mistress—monsieur; nebare—nebare. All that *une pauvre fille comme moi*—

a poor girl like me—has to boast is her *vertu, sa discretion, et moi je suis discrete, oui, monsieur, la discretion meme.*”

“You may as well hush that gibberish and come with me; for Madame Boadicea here can tell you that if fair means don’t serve, I’ll try foul.

“I am not a man to be baffled by *any* woman,” continued he, as he received no answer from Jeannette, whose eye I in vain endeavored to catch, in order to give her a look of warning.

“Cannot you allow Jeannette to remain here until morning, at least,” said I, “and in the mean time apprise her father that she is visiting me? He is her proper escort about the country, not yourself.” I hoped by this means to gain time either to conceal Jeannette in my house or at Mrs. Munroe’s, and thus, if possible, baffle Holmes and old Boisrouge.

“No; she *shall* go with me,” answered Holmes; “I have been trifled with quite long enough.” With this he approached her, and placed his hand roughly upon her shoulder. He then rapidly exchanged a look of intelligence and instruction with his athletic companion. In an instant this colossal man had gagged Jeannette, enveloped her in a cloak, and laid her in a vehicle which stood outside the door—it being a sort of covered wagon. The isolation of my abode afforded singular facilities for such acts as this being lawlessly perpetrated, without attracting the notice of the neighbors. Holmes then mounted into the wagon, and the tall individual drove it away.

I remained behind, trembling and perplexed, yet still determined to rouse the indignation of the neighbors against Boisrouge and Holmes, and, if possible, lead to the liberation of poor Jeannette from the hands of the latter.

CHAPTER XXX.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXVIII.

Attempt to carry off Boadicea—Her Imprisonment.

ONE evening, while I was deliberating in what manner to achieve this purpose, Howard, from whose pursuit I had imagined myself to be at last delivered, entered the garden-gate, and presently the room where I was sitting. He approached me with his usual smirk. I felt every nerve within me thrill with horror, hatred and fear at the sight of one of the murderers of my beloved husband.

Howard seated himself. My heart palpitated with fear under his detestable influence; and fluttered in my breast like a poor charmed bird under the serpent’s fascinating eye. In a few moments, and

after looking in a strange manner at me, he began the conversation thus:

"Has time wrought no change in the feelings of dislike you formerly entertained towards me?"

"Yes," said I; "I detest you a thousand times more heartily; and it fills me now with double horror and repugnance that I see in you the assassin, the vile murderer of an innocent man—whom you have made way with, in order, as you hope, the more easily to seduce his widowed wife."

"You assert what you do not know to be true. Did you see me kill your husband? Do you pretend to assert that?"

"I saw you gazing with exultation upon his breathless corpse," answered I; "and at the last judgment, you know well, it is you who will be called upon to answer for his murder."

"I deny that," answered Howard—(no Mormon scruples or hesitates an instant to utter the most preposterous and barefaced lie, or to assert that black is white and white black)—"I deny that; and even had I done so, it were no murder. He had deserted us—was, about to fly; and it is allowable to execute summary justice upon all apostates to our holy creed."

"Do not thus blaspheme," answered I.

"But this is not my errand. Like Banquo, Hubert is 'buried; he cannot come out of his grave;' and I have come here to reason with you. Why will you be so mad as to refuse the position I offer you? As my favorite wife, you will have nothing to do—live in luxury, attended upon by my ardent and vigilant love—the object of envy to many, and at the same time be fitting your soul for that salvation which alone can come to such as fulfil the will of the Lord, as revealed through his prophet, the sainted Joseph Smith."

I made no answer. I sat inwardly quaking with fear, and praying that the earth might open and swallow me into its very depths. No such providential escape, however, was afforded me. As well might I have been in the power of the great enemy of fallen man.

I cannot give a very clear account of what followed. I merely am able to state that, after more preamble, Howard finally offered to marry me, and leave the settlement. Even had I formed any attachment for this wicked man, I should have been certain of the insincerity of this proposition: for the manner by which he had obtained his first wife from the States was by seducing her from her parents' roof, and by effecting a sham marriage. I am merely able to state that I was then seized—I presume by Howard and another person waiting to assist him, but till then unseen—I was gagged, as Jeannette had been, and blindfolded, and then I was sensible of being lifted into some vehicle, which started off, while I remained in it, in a sitting posture, but in total darkness, pinioned and gagged.

At last, after a long time, during which it seemed to me that the wagon made a circuit, I was lifted therefrom in the arms of some

man and carried up a flight of stairs—then across a gallery. Then it appeared to me that a room was entered by my bearer. In a few moments I found myself free, able to see, and seated alone in a large and splendidly furnished room, hung with paintings and large mirrors, in which were also sofas and every thing appertaining to the toilet. A large curtain, hung across the lower part of the room, seemed to divide it from another chamber. All was silent, and I utterly alone.





CHAPTER XXXI.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXIX.

Boadicea's Self-defence—Finds Cosmetics—The bloody Farce—The Escape—Finds Cave—Cephysia's Remorse.

PRESENTLY Howard entered the room. "Here, madam, you will abide until such time as you may choose to consider me your husband."

"That will never be," answered I, "if I stay here forever."

"Oh! very well, very well. In the mean time I am determined to taste the sweetness of those delicate lips." With these words the wretch approached me.

I had improved the few moments of solitude by looking round the room, to find some instrument or weapon with which to defend myself, in case Howard attempted to pollute my person by his touch. I would rather have died, than voluntarily have even shaken hands with the murderer of my poor Hubert.

In a drawer of the toilet-table I discovered, among other cosmetics, a bottle of rouge, the qualities of which fluid were extolled on a label outside of the vial, and pasted fast to it. I know not why I placed it in my bosom.

As Howard approached me, I exclaimed, "You shall be baffled, fiend that you are! Sooner will I die than suffer your lips to approach mine!" Then I made a gesture as if stabbing myself, which broke the fragile vial in my bosom, and covered the front of my dress with the fluid rouge, resembling blood. This done, I suffered myself to fall



CEPHYRIA BECOMES INSANE.

heavily, as if dead. The whole deception was favored by the gloom of the apartment.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Howard, "she has killed herself!" He then approached me, and after gazing at me a moment, while I assumed the fixed features of a corpse, he rushed out of the room.

I rose instantly to my feet, ran to the curtain. I there found the iron grating of a balcony opening upon a flight of steps which led to the ground. By this entrance Howard had entered the apartment, but had left it by a large door on the left.

I soon reached the ground, and running along close to it, like a lapwing, I found that I was in a lonely spot; at a little distance from me rose a mountain. I bent my steps in the direction of this mountain, with the intention of hiding myself in some of the woods; if danger threatened, I had determined to mount some tree.

After walking a long while, palpitating with fear and fatigue, I arrived at a cave, wherein I entered. In the calm moonlight which bathed the spot, I surveyed myself. My dress appeared saturated with blood. I now occupied myself with removing the broken glass, which had cut me severely.

After a few moments, I noticed that a shadow was flung across the mouth of the cave, and therefore hastily withdrew to its dark depths. A tall form, (clad in male attire,) which I then supposed to be that of a young man, now entered at the mouth of the cave.

The new-comer now assumed a seat at the left side, and panting with fatigue, thus remained for a few moments. Then a deep sigh seemed to rive the stranger's breast, and a sort of wailing lamentation now commenced in a wild voice, which I immediately recognized as feminine, and that of Cephysia.

"Oh, fate! fate!" exclaimed the poor maniac, "how the fiends pursue me! There! there!" exclaimed she, wildly starting; "there is Hubert's pale ghost. How sad he looks! No, no!" continued she, assuming the voice of humble entreaty, "do not, do not ask me for the child!"

Imagine what I felt. Alone at night, all still, far from human habitation, in a dark cave with my direst foe, my fiercest enemy, and that enemy a maniac!

Shuddering, my very teeth chattering with irrepressible fear, I remained crouched in the depths of the cave, while the maniac still continued her wild ravings.



CHAPTER XXXII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXX.

Suicide of Cephysia—Boadicea Assumes Cephysia's Clothing.

SUDDENLY the moon was veiled in dark clouds; Cephysia now arose—her tall form seemed to become of gigantic height in the pervading gloom. The clouds broke away.

"Nay! come again!" she exclaimed wildly, "come once more! Ere I depart I will tell thee all, thou avenging spirit." Then, as if revealing a fearful secret, and appearing to approach the invisible subject of her ravings,

"I have killed him," said she, "I have killed him! Nay! do not shake your head thus sadly! Is it not better that one more of this doomed world's poor creatures is laid with the quiet dead! the quiet dead! the quiet dead!" repeated she. The last words seemed to please her.

Then folding her hands across her breast, and as if her mortal agony was seated there, she uttered deep and fearful groans.

"All doomed—all doomed! Fire will fall—the sword will slay—disease will exterminate!—all, all are doomed; and when the fair earth no longer holds one living thing, then, perhaps, the foul fiend will be lulled to rest."

"'The fire is never quenched,' 'the worm dieth not,'" she recommenced; "the worm devoureth, and it dieth not! it dieth not! Would that death would come to me! I am worn out—I am weary—I know not rest." With these words she sank upon the earth.

"There, there! it comes—it will speak to me again!" cried the mad woman, again rising to her feet.

"No, no! I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! Death! death! death! Peace! Rest! rest! Death! death!"

With these words she ran from the cave. I followed stealthily. Presently the maniac reappeared; she loosened the cravat from her neck, which formed a part of her male attire; then she unbound her black hair, and divested herself of the frock-coat she wore; she then uncoiled a rope, which she fastened about her neck, and set off at a run.

I followed her, but when I at last succeeded in reaching her, I found the unfortunate creature—whose swift run enabled her to get the advance of me—had hung herself upon a tree which grew by the wayside.

With trembling hands I unfastened the still swinging body, and at last, after much trouble, the darkness which the pervading clouds caused ever and anon impeding my movements, I succeeded in loosening

ing the rope, which was now deeply imbedded in the skin of the poor woman's throat. Life was totally extinct. A sudden thought now struck me—to possess myself of Cephysia's attire, and therein, if possible, to escape!

I speedily divested her form of the clothing she wore, and garbed myself in it. It was a fearful task! This done, I clothed the corpse in my own dress.

I then laid Cephysia's body upon the ground, closed the staring eyes, crossed the hands upon her bosom, and uttering with still trembling lips the prayer for the dead, I left the dead body to its eternal rest.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXXI.

Hears of the Murder of Jeannette Boisrouge—Recognizes Holmes and Boisrouge.

I PURSUED my way, looking out for some shelter, in which, if possible, to lie down, and forget in sleep the terrible drama of the night. Far ahead of me, I saw a sort of wooden scaffold, and near it several benches. It appeared to have been erected for some religious ceremony. Several trees stood near, in a clump together.

I now heard voices in the distance. Hurrying on, I succeeded in reaching the clump of trees. Mounting with rapidity, (I found that my male attire facilitated rapidity of motion,) I ascended one of the trees and concealed myself among the branches. I now recognized the faces of Boisrouge and of Holmes; they were in conversation.

"It was no fault of mine," said Holmes, with whom Boisrouge seemed to be quarreling; "if she had minded what I said to her, I should not have done it. I did not mean to kill her—she scratched and struck me, and acted like a tigress, the moment I untied her hands, and then I told her to desist, but she would not. I forgot the whip-handle had a leaden top, when I struck, but down she dropped in a minute, as if she had been shot, and just as dead as a door nail. But it was no fault of mine that she chose to show fight—I'll be damned if it was!"

"But then you've cheated me," answered old Boisrouge; "it ish not so much la fille, ze girl hereef; it is mine monish, mine monish, vat you did promish me for her, if I did try for make her be your vife; vat you did promish me, entends tu, scélérat!"

"None of that eternal gibberish," answered Holmes. "I don't like it, and I won't stand it,—no, I won't. She's dead, and I'm sorry for it; but a bargain's a bargain. I bargained for a live girl, and not a dead girl, Boisrouge! So none of your nonsense, or I might take it



OLD BOISROUGE AND HOLMES.

into my head to finish you too, you know; so don't be troublesome!" Here Boisrouge left Holmes, muttering something about being revenged. Holmes stretched himself out on one of the benches beneath the trees, and went to sleep. I felt myself turn deathly faint at thus suddenly hearing of the "murder most foul" of poor Jeanette.

I scarcely know how I managed to keep my seat in the tree, so much overcome was I; but fear, and the presence of great danger, will do much to strengthen the nerves even of a woman. It is difficult for me to make this narrative more in the manner of a novel, and therefore, more interesting to the reader.

Actual events as they occur, seldom happen in the order laid down by romancers and poets. The *vraisemblable* and the *vraie* are very different. I relate events as they happen, and add to the web of realities no embroidery suited to fiction.

Such events as I here lay before the reader, are *daily* occurrences among the Mormons. 'No better idea of pandemonium can be conceived; it is a veritable hell upon God's fair and beautiful earth. The blood of the murdered, the crushed hearts of the despairing cry out for vengeance!

The ear of Juggernaut is not more fearful in its slaughter than the fell influence of the Mormon faith. Nay! it is far worse, for that slays the body merely beneath its crushing wheels: this destroys the purity of the immortal soul.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXXII.

Holmes' house is Fired—Holmes and Howard are killed by the fall of a Rafter.

WHILE Holmes still slept beneath the tree, I surveyed the surface of the country, and discovered that I was not far from the residence of Holmes himself, a mansion painted yellow, with dark shutters.

I now observed a lurid light arise from the roof of the house. It increased, smoke rose up in volumes, with streaks of flame and large sparks. Presently I heard the screams of women. Then male voices gave the cry of "Fire! fire!"

This awoke Holmes, who started up, rubbed his eyes, and looked in the direction of the fire light.

"My house on fire!" exclaimed he. "Sure enough!" and off he started at a run.

At this moment a horseman rode up: it was Howard. He stopped Holmes, and related to him my supposed suicide; but stated that when he had returned to the apartment, he found that

some one had "effected an entrance and carried the body away." He stated that he was then going to Mrs. Munroe's, where he supposed he should find my corpse. Holmes, who continually interrupted him with attempts to assert the matter of his house being on fire, now succeeded in persuading him to go with him to assist in extinguishing the flames. They accordingly rode off, Holmes having mounted behind Howard on his brown horse. I know not what induced me to follow. Perhaps it was a vague presentiment that the villains were going to their doom.

Arrived at the fire, each exerted himself to the utmost to extinguish the flames; but they gained headway with great rapidity. A woman, in a loose white dress, now appeared at one of the windows. She held a child in her arms, and shrieked for help. I recognized one of the wives of Bernard Yale, and recollected the marriage between Holmes and herself, which had taken place within a year.

Holmes and Howard now mounted together upon a ladder, and entered the window where she stood. The flames now burst forth below them. Howard took the woman in his arms, and Holmes seized the child. The flames from below now spouted up through the window beneath that where the group stood. They caught the ladder. In a moment the lower part was burned to a char, and it fell. At this moment, and while Holmes and Howard were seeking the ladder by which to descend, the flames burst through the floor of the room wherein they stood. They saw their fate, and one unearthly yell broke from both. The fall of a rafter struck both down, as well as the woman and child. The roof now fell in with a loud crash, and amid the shrieks of the bystanders, consisting of the other wives of Holmes and his numerous family of children. Thus, in one night, did death fall upon my three vindictive enemies and remorseless pursuers. In spite of my horror and dismay, I drew a long breath—"the sigh of a great deliverance."

I now started to return to the shelter of the scaffolding, until at least the daybreak should enable me the better to see where I was. This spot gained, I lay down upon one of the benches, and fell into a heavy and unrefreshing sleep, broken by dreams of the most horrible description. Again did I imagine myself in the house of Howard; again did I behold the suicide of Cephysia; and again did I see the falling rafters crush Holmes, Howard, the woman and her child! At last I awoke—and I was glad to awake—for I had no real rest; and the horrors of such dreams almost equalled those of the realities they revived.

I stood up—and having fairly aroused myself, I saw it was dawn. I now gathered my long hair in a knot, and concealed it beneath the straw hat which formed a part of my dress. I bathed my face in a brook which ran beneath the trees; and, making a staff of a limb of one of the trees, I began to walk on.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXXIII.

Boadicea meets a Party—Hides Herself—Overhears Conversation—Recognizes Friends—Joins them.

I now saw a party, consisting of a tall woman, an old man, and a young lad and girl, approaching me. I concealed myself behind one of the bushes, which break the monotony of the country, and crouched down. I did this partly because I was still too unaccustomed to my male dress not to feel ashamed to be seen in it by persons of the sex to which it more properly appertained, and partly to discover whether those who approached were likely to prove friends or enemies. The old man, whose countenance wore a look of deep sadness, now spoke:

"Would to Heaven," said he, "that we could again reach the States! and yet how little do I dare to hope it!"

"Dear father," said the tall young woman, "we are fortunate in evading suspicion thus far. Cheer up; let us hope and persevere."

It struck me that this person spoke in a very masculine voice. On observing her closely through the branches of the bush behind which I was crouched, I saw that the lips from whence these words proceeded were marked with the faint down which announces an incipient moustache; and, in spite of a close cap, the face had the bold, bright look of a boy.

Presently the old man—as I had supposed the first speaker to be—disengaged his long white beard from his jaws—thus discovering the thick, short, black beard of a young man. Another movement removed a white wig; and I then recognized Robert Hoffman, a young German musician, who had arrived some seven or eight months before, and with whose sister, the young girl before mentioned, I had some acquaintance.

The young lad now began relating the circumstances of the fire, and I took courage to reveal myself. A long conversation followed. I found that my friends had arranged, by secret correspondence with some relations in the States, and through the means of bribed Indians, to meet them half way between the States and the Mormon settlement, armed and provided with water and provision. They kindly invited me to join them; which I did not, as it may be supposed, hesitate to do.



BOADICEA'S PARTY STARTS FOR THE STATES.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

JOURNAL OF BOADICEA.—PART XXXIV. AND LAST.

I WILL not here describe the long and weary journey home. Our friends met us, as had been agreed. The tedious route and monotonous journey has been too often detailed.

After the journey, we arrived safely at the States; and although my health suffered severely during my residence among the Mormons and the return home, I am now partially recovered.

I now bid farewell to my readers—trusting that they have not found my story tedious, and that the time may soon come when such horrors as it details may be among the things which

“Have been, and are not.”

FAREWELL!

(97)

THE END.

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